

Feb. 1914 Vol. 11 #3

HAND AND MIND

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GRADUATION

Vol. XI

February, 1914

No. 3

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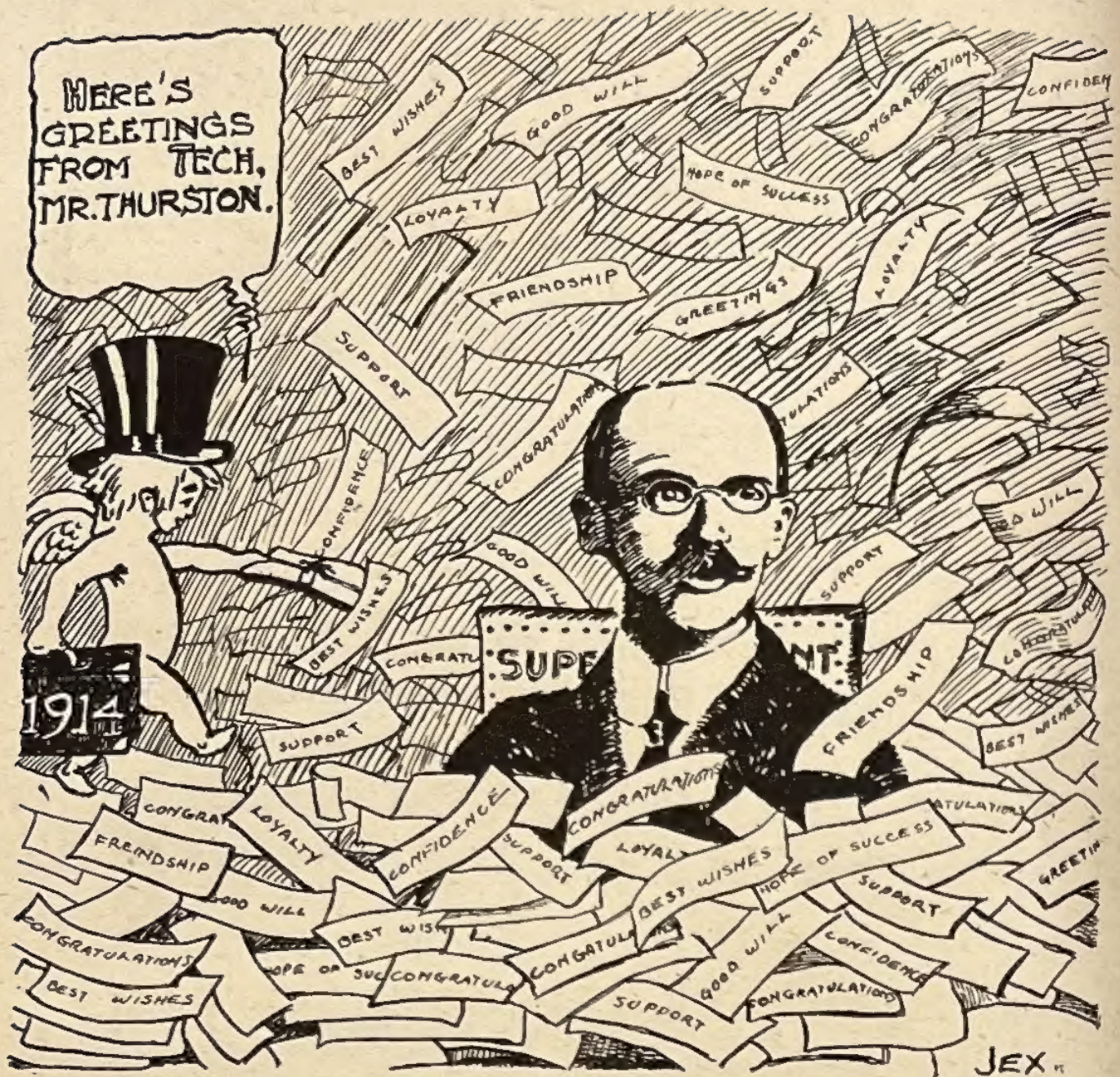
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MID-YEAR. GRADUATION. NUMBER. 14.

JEX 14

Hand and Mind

VOL. XI

FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 3

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Fare Ye Well, Oh Seniors

At last the time has come for the parting, and it is with great sorrow that we bid the Class of February, 1914, farewell. In bidding them that farewell, we congratulate them upon the fine showing which they have made at Tech. There was not one in the class who wasted an opportunity to raise Tech in the estimation of the residents of Washington, and we believe that we speak for the student body when we thank them heartily for their sterling loyalty to their Alma Mater.

We commend the class for their interest in every branch of Tech's activities. Among them we find sturdy athletes, prize winning cadets, crack shots, editors, business men, artists, actors, expert workmen, and what is worth infinitely more, they are all ladies and gentlemen.

We, of THE HAND AND MIND, bewail the loss of our editor, Ernest Fortier, who was also the champion half-miler of the Washington high schools; J. Raymond Wells, our hustling circulation manager, and Garnet W. Jex, whose wonderful cartoons have brought commendation to THE HAND AND MIND throughout the United States.

The students will surely miss the many cartoons and editorials of "Reddy" Hance when next they peruse the *News*, while the boy soldiers greatly mourn the passing of their Major, Leonard Sergeant III. And so we might go on enumerating many more who have brought honor and victory to Tech.

Great wisdom was shown by the class in selecting a gift for the school. Surely nothing could have been more appropriate than the huge pennant which they presented to Tech. We hope that this pennant will be hung somewhere in the school where it can be admired by all and serve as an inspiration to each student to secure a pennant of some kind for himself or herself.

Advice to Freshman

Once more the historic halls of Tech are besieged by a horde of Freshmen and we bid them welcome. Those who enter at this time will no doubt find Tech far different from the schools which they have attended heretofore. Therefore we take this opportunity to give them some advice which may influence their attitude toward high school life.

Many of those who enter regard high school as a bitter pill which must be taken. This is the greatest and most common error of the average high school student when he enters. As a rule, it is only after the student has wasted two or three years by just passing and he begins to think of college that he realizes his mistake.

We wish to impress upon the mind of every Freshman the fact that the teachers require so much work in order that the student may be better equipped to fight the great battle of life when he finishes his schooling. The teacher does not care if he fails and leaves school because of a lack of study. She generally thinks of the diminished work for her. If the student just studies hard enough to pass she may wish to admonish him, but cannot spare the time from her other hundred and thirty pupils. Time spent by the student in this superficial way is practically lost, for he does not retain that which he learns. In his senior year the student learns, very sorrowfully and reluctantly, that it is too late to mend without further study. Therefore, take heed and study diligently in your Golden Age of opportunity.

Then we wish to show the Freshman the desirability of entering the different school activities during his first year. Every Freshman physically capable should enlist in the cadets during his first year. The discipline of the cadets enables the student to more easily mould himself to the vicissitudes of high school life. He develops both physically and mentally, for every cadet must be a quick thinker. And, in the cadets and other school activities, the Freshman associates with the upper classman, who will always be willing to extend a helping hand.

Filling Up the Ranks

In all great battles, when soldier after soldier falls, those in the rear step forward into the vacant places. It is so in the business world. The gaps are soon filled by those below. It will likewise be so at Tech. The various offices which have been filled by members of the graduating class will be as ably filled by the June class. The undergraduates on the "*News*" staff will move up a step; the associate editor of *THE HAND AND MIND* will assume the responsibility of editor-in-chief; the athletic teams will lose some pillars, but there remains excellent material for making of others. The June class, until now concealed behind the scenes, will come forth and prance before the footlights. In fact the whole school moves up a peg. This also applies to the teaching staff, who are acquiring with each semester a wider knowledge, larger experience and more patience. And so with this onrushing, upward movement the February Class has stepped out and will soon be a thing of the dim and misty past.

E. F.

Farewell Tech

The February Class of '14, with their sheepskins tucked under their arms, have bade Tech farewell. Coupled with the satisfaction of a victory won, a feeling of sadness and depression creeps over us, for now all the ties which have bound us to the school and all therein are severed. We think of the friendships which sprouted early in our career and have matured to strong, beautiful blossoms—friendships which have been real factors in our lives. The association of these partners is broken—the spark of friendship may be kept alive only through the unsatisfactory medium of correspondence. We think of the enjoyable hours spent in promoting the various activities, the steady, sometimes drudging, work on the athletic field, enlivened and brightened, however, by the glory of a victory and by the keen competition and intense excitement of contests. We think, too, of the fascination and the excitement of the dramatic productions and the long-winded discussions in the Agora. The hustle and bustle alone of high school life appeals to us. We best realize this after spending a quiet three months in the summer. Nearly all wish to get into the harness

again. Of course there are many miserable hours spent, too. We worry about flunks, get into fusses with our teachers and spend more time than we think necessary on our lessons. But these trials make us appreciate so much the more our free and happy hours. We haven't much love for our faculty when we graduate, but as the time rolls on we appreciate more and more the kind, earnest advice of our teachers.

With these friendships, these hours of deep enjoyment, these associations with teachers and classmates at this time when responsibility does not weigh too heavily, can we doubt that the years spent in high school are among the happiest of our lives?

E. F.

The Year Book

It is the intention of the graduating class to have a Year Book this year, and to make it a success both financially and otherwise it is necessary that it be supported by the whole school. The time has come when we feel that Central should not be able to point with a sneer to the fact that Tech has published but two year books, neither of which has been successful.

When you read this you will probably have been asked to subscribe to the Year Book. Perhaps you will have done so. If not, do so at once. Remember, the Year Book needs the support of everyone to be a success.

The Year Book will consist of 144 pages of the finest enameled paper, containing pictures of every class, club, team, and teacher at school this year. There will also be a write-up on every school activity, including a roster of each.

Therefore, every Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior needs a copy. The Freshman should have it because it will contain his name and picture, if he is in the Cadets, etc., being a chapter in his high school life. The Sophomore and Junior should have it for the same reason. Then the Senior should have it because it will contain his personal history during his four years of high school life. The Alumnus should have a copy because it will be a compact history of Tech for the year of 1913-1914.

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The Girls' Need of a Gym!

ANNE MITCHELL.

A Central girl was saying the other day, in talking on the ever-present topic of their new building, that it will have a fine gymnasium, which will include a swimming pool. Think of it! And Tech, which prides itself on training the body as well as the mind, must get along with the poor accommodations afforded by room 105, which is being used at present for indoor basketball and calisthenics.

One of the stock illustrations of a certain kind of argument in third-year English is that Tech needs a gym because Business has one. Every student hears this argument, but he seems to recognize it only as an abstract question, and not as a real, live issue which concerns him personally. Business *has* a gym—a large, light one—which the various athletic teams and calisthenics classes use for practice, and which is the delight of the girls, because it is so good to dance in at noon. It is also a good place for social affairs. It is perfectly evident that the lunchroom is not a convenient and

(Continued on page 44.)

In Memoriam

Whereas, By the will of Almighty God we have suffered the loss by death of our beloved instructor, Colonel Burton R. Ross, on Friday, December twenty-sixth, nineteen hundred and thirteen, be it hereby

Resolved, That the success of the organization and the high standard which it has attained has been due to his untiring efforts during his long period of service; be it further

Resolved, That in losing Colonel Burton R. Ross the Washington High School Cadet Regiment has been deprived of a friend such as cannot be replaced; be it further

Resolved, That we, the representatives of the Washington High School Cadet Regiment, do hereby express our sincere regrets and extend our deep and heartfelt sympathy to the members of the bereaved family; be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that they may be published in the official school publications.

(Attest)

RICHARD L. YATES,
GEORGE L. HAINES,
RAYMOND L. PEDLOW,
FREDERICK W. DECK,
CHASE DONALDSON.

Committee duly appointed on the twenty-ninth of December, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirteen, by Wallace M. Yater, Colonel, Washington High School Cadets.

Tech is saddened by the sudden death of Elbert Nash, Tech 1913, Cornell 1917. Last spring, as Captain of winning Company K, he brought the most coveted honor of the year to Tech, and made a lasting name for himself at Tech.

The School Seal

F. B. ROBINSON STEFFENS.

What is to be done about the school seal of Tech this year? How long are we going to be without one, now that we have abolished the old one?

Two competitions were held last year. In the first a board of judges, elected by the school, decided that, although great talent was shown in the designs, none was sufficiently symbolic of the school to be made Tech's permanent seal. Another competition was thereupon announced, and, although many designs were submitted on the date appointed, for some reason or other no meeting of the board of judges was called, and the designs were never passed upon; nor have they been returned to their originalors. Now, as this competition was to have been held just about a month before the graduation in June, the graduates awaited the result eagerly, expecting to make the new school seal their classpin. It can, therefore, be readily seen that it was with great disappointment that the Class of '13 resorted to the plain pin.

The same thing happened to the Class of '14, which graduated in February. They have left the school without an emblem. Their diplomas have been stamped with the name of Tech only, and not its seal. Is that the way to show school spirit? In Central the school seal, the emblem, is honored and held in high esteem. Everyone becomes familiar with it and loves it; everyone knows its motto. It is the first thing the freshman learns and something the graduate never forgets.

So should it be in Tech. Only the other day I heard a Tech freshman talking to a Central one.

The Central freshman said: "Well, even if we have an old school, we certainly have one grand seal. It has a ship in full size on it. What is your seal like?"

Then all the Tech freshman could say was: "I don't think we have a school seal. If we have, I've never seen or heard of it."

Now, isn't that fine school spirit? But was it the freshman's fault? No! Then you will ask, "Well, whose fault is it?"

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Tech Players' Club

The Tech Players' Club presented for the entertainment of the Alumni Association at their annual meeting, Friday, January 2, the two plays presented before the school, Friday, November 21, 1913, and although everything was very nice and the plays went off very smoothly, the inadvisability of having an entertainment during the holidays was demonstrated. The alumni appreciated the plays, as was shown by the frequent applause and the invitation to partake of the alumni's refreshment in the lunchroom after the performance, but, we are sorry to say, the plays did not come up to the standard set by the former presentation. The same cast presented the playlets and the staff remained unchanged. The excellent choice of wall paper by the scenery and property men excited much favorable comment.

The Board of Education has given permission to McKinley to give two entertainments this year, and immediately a committee was appointed, consisting of William C. Myers (chairman), Miss Loretta E. Muckenhaupt, Nelson M. McKernan, Louis W. Mattern, Dore Wolfsteiner and James E. Smith, to decide upon a play. The ever-popular comic opera, "Pinafore" (up to date, meaning, of course, many interpolations of interest to the student body), was decided upon, and rehearsals were begun immediately. It is to be given Friday and Saturday, February 20 and 21. No positive decision as to the cast has yet been made.

At a recent meeting of the club it was resolved to, if possible, give three entertainments a year on the order of the one recently given and to have them longer; if necessary, presenting three playlets. These performances, besides providing amusement for the school and advertising the Tech Players' Club and Tech, trains our future stars in such way that the standard of our big plays will be raised. Better plays will mean more money in the treasury of our Athletic Association, which, in turn, will mean better equipment for our teams, with a better chance for championships.

Acting is an accomplishment to be proud of, and nothing will develop one's natural ability so much as practical experience in the Players' Club.

For the encouragement of extemporaneous acting, moving picture plays are acted in the assembly hall. The parts are assigned and the plot read at the time of the performance, the actors and

actresses composing their own lines as they go along. This and other activities promise a better class of plays for the future.

A criticism has been made that a few people are obtaining all the benefit of the club. This is sadly the case, but it must be borne in mind that these same people are doing all the work. The presenting of a play is not the easy work that everyone imagines, but means hours of time and all kinds of energy spent in rehearsing and building scenery. Rehearsals are not a couple of meetings where everyone has a good time, but it means work. Neither is scenery a few boards and a bit of cheesecloth, nor properties a table and a couple of chairs. The club needs not only actors and actresses, but boys and girls to handle the mechanical end of the productions. Whether you can act or not, come out and help with "Pinafore." Something can be found for you to do, and you will be gaining a lot of valuable experience.

S. H.

Girls' Athletics

MISS IDA HARRY.

"What are the girls doing?" This question has been asked so many times around Tech that we feel it our duty to tell you what the girls are really doing.

The physical culture classes are progressing famously. Two hours a week are spent in this work. One hour is devoted to first-aid work and hygiene, and the other to regular gymnasium exercises. While the weather is good, this hour is usually spent out of doors. A net has been fixed across the back lot, and many exciting games of volley ball have been played there.

Basketball practice began Monday, November 3, and has been held every Monday and Thursday since. A large number of girls came out and much enthusiasm and interest were shown. The Freshmen show particular interest in basketball. It is expected that the girls will form class teams and play for the championship of Tech, as they did last year. Baskets have been put up out of doors, and in good weather the games are played out there. This is much better than 105, which is smaller than the regulation basketball field.

History of February Class

THOMAS O. WHITE, 1914.

From a dictionary comes the following: "A history is a record of events or incidents in the origin and progress of a nation; it is a knowledge of facts." A most ample explanation; and, like most book explanations, most erroneous; is at once conservative, cautious, and conscientious, yet reckless, ruthless and wrong, respectively. Inasmuch as it is a record of events and incidents, it is conservative, etc.; and, in that it contains facts, or a knowledge thereof, it is ill-founded. This part I choose to disregard as unworthy. Am I defaming the great dictionary? Assuredly not! In the heat of their colossal compilations, the dictionarians may have held the illusion that a history contained facts. But we, my friends, being calm, deliberate people, know this is untrue, most absurd. Read any history of the Civil or Revolutionary war, and your eyes will be opened. Miss Marsh can tell you how weightily I speak. But to return to the facts. Facts, you ask? What facts? Oh, most anything, not counting history, police records, and Senate investigations. Facts do exist, but in most sacred seclusion. Every now and a while a few facts come out plump into the public gaze, and somebody loses popularity, some gain notoriety, and still others go to making shoes for Uncle Sam in one of his well-guarded factories. It is my intention to keep the good-will of the class and the faculty, so I will disregard facts. I do not wish to slander or say unkind things; so facts are barred. Facts never show things in their best light, anyway.

Having explained for the benefit of any scapegoats or maligners who fear the truth that this history will contain no facts, I will explain just what the nature of this oration will be: There is that difference therein, as the Cubists say, in this history I choose to become after the fashion of the historians of the Shakespeare type, these Stratford idolators of whom Mark Twain speaks, and write an "it is warrantable to believe" history, a "there is no evidence to the contrary" history, one in which fiction, if no stranger than truth, is certainly more charitable. The sort of history that comes under this definition: "A history of a nation is the lives of

its great men." And now, of course, you see wherein I must make use of fiction. It is immediately obvious why facts would be inadequate in the history of this class. Not that I mean to exaggerate. Ah, no. The wildest flights of imagination would avail me naught when I tried to describe the beauty of our gentle contingent, the intellectuality of our class as a unit or the sheen and shimmer of our illustrious record. Yes, I shall speak of our record, too. And justifiably. It is as much a part of this history as anything, e'en though it must be greatly curtailed. Because of my inherent modesty I cannot speak of my personal record and therefore so much of the class history is lost, but with the shabby crippled remnant I will do my best.

The history of our class is the history of the progress of our school. Our successes have been the school's successes. We have never stooped to anything small, we have the June conglomeration for that. They have dabbled at times in our work, but made no noticeable progress. When we have given our support projects have forged rapidly to successful achievement, when we have not, projects have failed. When we have lent our indomitable patriotism the school has stood out huge and magnificent before the world's gaze; when we have felt coolly Tech has dwinned. Backed by a few members of our class, the forum rapidly became superior to the old tottering Agora as a debating society; our vitality used for something else the next fall and the forum died a sudden death. Last year we gave the Agora our support to a small degree and it bloomed forth, this year we have been otherwise occupied and this society has degenerated into a sort of cross between a sewing circle and a shelter for harmless nuts.

In the same way I mention the faculty advertising medium or Tech News. It is, however, with some trepidation, for the faculty guard it jealously and are proud of it, for did they not originate it, and have they not made a success of it? Delicacy and diplomacy preclude retort. Howsomever, we are proud that *we* had the *first* editor, and the only business manager, the only contributing editor and the assistant business manager, and we have even gotten a few ads, once in a while. The seventh semester tried to run it last fall, but couldn't, and we fear for the "News" in February if they go

(Continued on page 47.)

Stop! Read! Heed!

What's the matter with Tech? It's all right! What's all right? Tech! Three loud cheers for Tech! Rah, rah, rah! Well, we have the football championship cinched, and we won the drill last June. We showed up fine in Rifle too, but remember, we can't live on past victories. We have got to put our shoulder to the wheel if we want Tech to keep the lead. We want Track, Rifle, and Baseball this year, besides the drill, and we will get them if we all work together. We would like to include a crack at Central in debate this year also. I wonder if we can?

Don't be a quitter. Don't play drawback for the school. Let everybody do something for old Tech. If you can't play Football or Baseball, or if you can't run, there is the Orchestra, the *Tech News*, the HAND AND MIND, the Agora, the Cadet Organization, the Tech Players Club, the Crew, the Handicraft Guild, and the Camera Club. I doubt if there is a single student in Tech who is not capable of backing at least one school interest and backing it well.

What about having a Basketball and a Duckpin League, or arranging for a girl's Tennis Tournament? Let's make this school year and the ones to follow the beginning of a new era for Tech. Why don't you show spunk enough to join some activity with the determination to win a name for yourself? Show the school you are loyal to it. Don't let the opportunities which are afforded you slip by. Don't wait until your Junior year before you go out for any of the school interests, because you will find that you will be unable to accomplish much, handicapped by a late start.

Freshmen, if you read the article entitled, "To our Freshman Class," in the first issue of the HAND AND MIND, you can have no excuse for not knowing that two of the wisest things you can do are to join the Agora and the Cadet Organization. Join the Agora because debating, more than any other branch of school work, awakens an interest in problems of the day. It develops accurate thought and clearness of expression, which are requisites for public speaking. Join the Cadet Organization because it will be to your advantage mentally and physically. You will be taught obedience. Once that lesson is learned, you have a decided advan-

(Continued on page 50.)

Class Poem

N. P. LAUDENSLAGER, 1914.

At last the longed-for day is here!
We thought 'twould never come;
But now we've driven away all fear—
Proud graduates we've become.

At last the flunks are cleared away
With marks that bring the smiles.
Our troubles old forgot today
In joys of these last whiles.

When first we trod this marble floor,
The task before us all
Seemed harder far than e'er before
And quite beyond our call.

We worked away with mighty spurt,
And did the best we knew;
We plugged away without a hurt,
With ne'er a day to rue.

The rising sun was all aglow
When first we entered here;
We now have left it far below
And gone beyond its cheer.

We face an urgent duty now,
We have a mission here.
'Tis not to lead the idler's life,
Nor bring fond ease too near.

But at this vital stage of life,
Whose pathway we have turned,
There's more of work and more of strife
Before our lesson's learned.

The friendships of our classmates and
 The teachers, formed thro' years
 Of constant fellowship, will stand
 To strengthen us in fears.

We'll tackle every burden great,
 And ever bear in mind
 That, be it sent by Luck or Fate,
 We must not lag behind.

Our parting here we all regret;
 We would that we could stay;
 But Fortune beckons; we'll not fret,
 But turn, with smiles, her way.

WHY?

Oh, why was Wooley ever born;
 Why must my gray matter be torn;
 Why must I burden my poor head
 With horrid book that's bound in red?
 Phrases, clauses, sentences sublime,
 I study hard until bedtime.
 But when semester's end has come
 She flunked me and did call me dumb.
 Thus the flowery path of knowledge sweet
 Has turned to thorns beneath my feet.

STEVENS HUGHES.

NONE NEEDED.

Tourist—You have an unusually large acreage of corn under cultivation; don't the crows annoy you a great deal?

Farmer—Oh, not to any extent.

Tourist—That's peculiar, considering you have no scarecrows.

Farmer—Oh, well, you see, I'm out here a good part of the time myself.—*New York Mail.*

It All Depends on the View Point

W. F. BARNES, 1915.

Aunty Ca'line is what you might call an institution, although if you called her that to her face she'd probably answer, "Go 'long, Honey; I'se just an every-day Baptist!" But, in addition to that, she is a laundress who can make a ruffle stand up, lie down, or do most anything but talk. In short, you can give her your only dress shirt and be sure of attending that dance with an irreproachable front. What more need be said?

So now you can understand why I got so mad one day when some poor idiot "honked" right behind her and didn't even stop to see whether she had gone through the fence or under it.

I stopped my machine where I had last seen her flying form and looked curiously around. No sign of Aunty!

"Aunty Caroline, are you hurt?" I called, looking vaguely about, as if she had exploded.

"Lawdy, Marse Billy, am that you?" And a 'kerchief be-wrapped head poked itself up out of a ditch for a cautious survey of the country.

"Are you hurt, Aunty?" I repeated, as I got down to help her out.

"No, suh; I ain't hurt," she said, with a malignant glance down the road. "I'se jes' had mah six senses gewhillicked out o' mah body by that——" and she vainly searched a rather retentive memory for a fit word to describe the departed car.

I stooped down and began to gather up the washing that she had been taking home.

"You should have kept to the side of the road, Aunty, and then this wouldn't have happened."

"Side o' the road!" she said, witheringly; "an' ain't I got jes' as good a right in the middle as any unhorsed baby carriage?"

Knowing the futility of argument, I piled the clothes into my tonneau and started the engine.

"Come on, Aunty, climb in," I said.

"What, Marse Billy—me in one o' them things? No, suh; I wouldn't trust mah dog in 'em." But there was a little sparkle in her eyes.

I grinned. "Now, Auntie, you know you'd trust me; and just think of how astonished all your neighbors would be."

She hesitated a while, but her curiosity got too strong, and pretty soon I was flying down the road with an eagerly excited Auntie Ca'line by my side.

After a few minutes we hit the pike, and I decided to test Auntie's nerve. A little pressure on the accelerator and the speedometer started climbing, thirty, thirty-five, forty, and I took a side glance at her. Two white lines of teeth were showing in an excited grin, while with one hand she was trying to put up a flapping end of her bandana.

But suddenly an old darky showed up ahead in the middle of the road. Plodding along with his basket, he apparently had no thought beyond the dinner awaiting him at home, so I began to slow down.

"What's 'e trouble, Marse Billy?" came the voice from my side.

"I've got to slow down for this old fellow," I answered, putting my foot on the brakes.

"What, Honey? Slow down for that triflin' no-count nigger? Squawk that air horn o' yours and make him jump! He ought'er be on the side o' the pike, anyway!"

DO YOU KNOW

That Tom cats ain't so bad as they were cracked up to be in the comic debate given on November twelfth?

That Evan McElfresh is the guy who put the dent in President?

That a member of our faculty mistook her front door for a pay-as-you-enter conductor, and attempted to open it with a car-ticket?

That Laudenslager was the only guy in A8 English to get an E?

That Tech is going to have a Duck-pin League?

That a barber would rather shave two Irishmen than one Dutchman?

That a great rivalry existed in A8 Math. class for the cellar championship?

Shop Experience

D. TENNEY MACNAIR.

I suppose it is the intention of nearly every Tech student to be an engineer of some kind. Some of you will have your wish fulfilled, but I doubt if few of you know what you are up against.

Here in Tech we think we learn a lot about being an engineer. We can make a blue-print, turn out a pattern, mould the casting and then machine the casting to its required size and shape. Is it not an accomplishment? Of course! But you must agree with me that it is only theory. Many and many are the articles that can be read in our leading magazines stating how much practical experience the graduates of technical schools and colleges lack. They propose many ways to overcome this lack of experience, but it is up to us, the student engineers of Tech, to get out of this predicament if we wish to make ourselves known the world over.

With this in mind, I worked in the machine shop of the Power Specialty Company, of New York, during the summer of 1913. The shops of the company are located one and one-half miles out of the town of Dansville, N. Y. Here are made the Foster superheater for boilers, Foster hydraulic rams, the Heeman garbage destructor, and other products. The shops consist of a pattern-making room, foundry or moulding room, blacksmith shop, erecting room, machine shop and the necessary offices where the blue-prints are made. Here there are about 175 men employed, non-union labor entirely.

Work begins at 7:00 a. m. and stops at 5:45 p. m., with three-quarters of an hour for lunch, making a ten-hour day.

When I entered the machine shop the first morning the boss said, "Here, help that fellow," pointing to a fellow drilling holes in a header. A header (a part of the Foster superheater) is a steel tube, from 4 inches to 1 foot in diameter and 2 to 25 feet long, one end closed and a flange on the other. On opposite sides there are flat spaces, extending almost full length, in which 2 or 4 inch holes are drilled. These headers weigh from 50 to 3,000 pounds.

I will follow the course of one of these headers through the shop to its completed state.

The steel tube is taken to the blacksmith shop, sawed the cor-

rect length, and then one end is closed by welding on a sheet of steel, and the necessary flat spaces are made along the sides. Here these men work, stripped to the waist, standing by their roaring furnaces or hammering on the blazing steel. At night (for there is a night shift) the scene is almost weird as the red flare of the fires illuminates the bodies of the men as they move to and fro, making one think of the witch scenes in "Macbeth."

From the blacksmith shop the header is carried on a crane into the machine shop and deposited on a large lathe, where the open end is machined and threaded. Thence it is carried to a flanging machine, where a flange is screwed on the end just threaded. This flange must have red lead on the threads and be in a specified position when on. Sometimes it is difficult to get one on, and much time is wasted. Ordinarily one could be flanged in half an hour, but sometimes it will take nearly four hours.

Then the header is tested. This is done by bolting a solid flange to the flange already on, filling with water and attaching to a small force pump. The pressure used varies according to size—600 pounds per square inch for the smallest to 1,500 for the largest. If there is any leak in the weld, back goes the header to the blacksmith shop, or if the flange leaks another must be put on. If everything is all right, it is taken by the laying-out man. This man marks it off according to blue-prints, and then it passes to a man with two very large moving-head radial drills, and he completes the machine work on it. It is then painted and taken to the yards, ready for shipment.

When ordered to work with the fellow drilling the header, I started in by sliding the header along on the steel horses and he did all the drilling. At first I did not offer to run the drill, but later he had to step away for a moment, and I took his place. On coming back he was surprised at what I was doing until I explained that I had run more than one drill before. As that particular header was large, it was about two hours before we finished.

The fellow's regular position was tester (of headers, etc.), and we immediately started in on a large pile of headers of about 1,000 pounds apiece. That very morning I had my first experience in escaping accident. While standing part way up the pile of headers, raising one with the crane, I felt a movement among the headers.

Glancing down, I saw one rolling almost on my foot, and then others began to roll. It was impossible to jump, so I raised myself off my feet with the crane chain I held in my hand, just as I felt it roll on my foot. In some way, my foot came from under, but another moment and my foot would probably have been crushed.

A few minutes before noon I saw my co-worker writing on a card, and on questioning him he said that a time-card was kept by each man. On this time-card were written the shop and part order of the piece worked upon, the operation done, the number of pieces and the number of hours occupied in completing the operation, such as: Shop Order, 2758; Part Order, 51; operating, testing headers; pieces, 5; time, 3 hr. These cards are taken to the main office, where the cost of the time was added to the list, which in the above case was \$15. At noon the boss explained that I had to ring in or out, as the case might be, a card held in a rack by a clock at the main entrance. This printed on the card the exact time I arrived and left.

A few days later some of the very headers that tried to mash my foot got beyond control while being loaded into the cars, broke one poor fellow's leg and cracked three ribs of another. The result of which was to introduce me quickly to the relief fund. Members paid fifty cents dues per month, and in return received \$5.00 a week for ten weeks for sickness and \$10.00 per week for twenty weeks in case of accident while working.

For my first two weeks I assisted the man doing the testing. We tested not only headers, but steel elbows, tees, and manifolds. The work was heavy, wet, and trying on one's patience, as the large rubber gaskets which were placed between the two flanges would continually blow out. During this time I made myself acquainted with their particular kind of blue-prints.

At the end of my first two weeks the fellow who had charge of the unloading of the iron that came into the shop left, and I had to take his place. In a way, I was better off than before, as I knew what I had to do and could make the other fellows help me. This work was slightly heavier than before, as it was all lifting by hand. I had to unload between four and five tons of 2-inch shrink rings daily and about a ton of elbows, tees, bend casting, and flanges. As this did not take all my time, I did all the flanging of the headers.

While occupying this position, I was also office boy for the boss. When he wished to speak with a workman, I had to send the workman to him. The first time I was called to his office, he gave me a blue-print, with the words, "Go to the foundry and bring that elbow over." The elbow was a special casting, and its dimensions were out of the ordinary. I was very thankful I had learned something about a blue-print at Tech, for I would not have understood a thing otherwise.

In my visits to the foundry I saw much of the work there. For about eight hours the men made moulds, the smaller of which were made exactly as Mr. Wilson instructs his classes. The larger moulds were boxed in and had long spikes criss-crossed through the sand. These large moulds were entirely handled by a large crane. Toward the last of the day the smelting furnace was started, and when everything was ready the iron was allowed to flow into two large buckets, one on a car on track and the other carried by the crane. These buckets were rushed to different parts of the building, where small dippers were filled and the molten iron was poured into the moulds. While the moulding was going on the heat in the building was terrific and the gas was almost suffocating, but, luckily, the men had only a nine-hour day.

The experience I gained may be little, but I worked with men who had made it their occupation for years; I studied new machines, and I met with practical working conditions.

The Rifle Club

The rifle team has finished three of the nine intercity matches, losing the first to Deering (916 to 957), winning from Portland (940 to 932), and though the reports are not in, we are sure we have won from DeWitt Clinton.

The Tech team is doing exceptionally well, but there is room for a number of good shots on the team. There are only three or four who can be depended upon to make a good score, and if some of the others do not support them with good scores a defeat is likely to result. We appeal to any boy or girl in the school who thinks he or she can shoot, to come out for the team. Tech's

(Continued at foot of opposite page.)

Slangy Fable—The Rooky

Once there was a Rooky who went into the Cadets so as to get a Red Ribbon at the end of the year. He was built on the order of a lead pencil and could use his wrist band for a collar. His fond Payrents were glad that he had taken this risky step, for it gave him a grand appetite. When he put away soup at dinner on drill days, he gave the classy imitation of Great Falls after heavy rains. Also he inhaled his potatoes and ate lettuce like a threshing machine working under full power. In spite of this, he retained his girlish figure, for he lost weight carrying around what he ate.

The Rooky was some driller. He changed step like a cross between the tango and minuet. His manual of arms was about as snappy as the Central Football Team after Tech cleaned 'em up. In fact, his drilling, as a whole, would not have been passed by the National Board of Censorship for Funeral Directors.

Naturally, he became an important personage. Why the captains had quite a scrap as to who should have him. Each captain wanted to wish him on one of the other two.

The captain who got the Rooky was promptly declared out of the drill. However, he gave the Rooky private lessons until finally the shrimp could put a gun on his 2 by 4 shoulders without raising his left knee.

When the Rooky's company won the drill the other captains took fits (but they put them back). The shrimp walked down Pennsylvania Avenue with his Red Ribbon on his coat. When he got home he told Mama that he got the 70th honorable mention. The fond Payrents were so delighted that they took the angel child to Harvey's and stuffed him on rough-neck clams.

Moral—Some can't drill, but they bring luck.

chances in rifle shooting are the best in the history of the school, and we hope the school will give the team their hearty support.

Comparison of Tech's scores with those of other Washington High Schools shows that Tech leads by about a hundred and twenty points, with Miss Stites making better scores than any boy in the high school outside of Tech.

The finances of the club are very low and so far the club is in debt. Please pay your dues for next semester as soon as possible so that ammunition may be purchased. A. G. GIBSON.

The Owaissa Council Fire

Forth into the lonely forests,
In the woods of fir or balsam,
With their blankets and provisions,
To the river far beyond them,
To the hut of Camp Rest Haven,
Went the maidens of the Camp Fire
All alone—the Owaissa maidens—
Through the gloomy, whispering forests,
Till they saw the brook beyond them,
Till they saw the camp—Rest Haven;
Saw Wenonah, standing waiting—
She, the mistress of this camp fire.

“Come and eat!” cried out Wenonah;
“Come and eat the Indian chow-chow,
That we may build the fire sooner,
The sooner have our council fire.”
Then all the maidens hurried forward,
That they might build the fire sooner,
The sooner have the council meeting.

Straightway from the camping grounds
To the woodland went the maidens,
Wood gatherers, to get the driftwood for the fire,
To stack it high in firm and steady piles,
Ready for the fire-makers,
Ready to catch the flying spark.
Kneeling there before this pile,
She, a fire-maker worthy,
Gave the spark unto the fagots,
Nursed it while it fluttered, sputtered;
Nursed it till it sprung into blazes upward,
Up into the tree-tops and faded.
While her guardians and companions
Gave the Ode unto the Fire,
There, around their roaring camp fire,
With the sombre trees around them,
With the stars and moon above them,
The Hand of Comradeship reached out,

And, seizing them, formed the tie which never breaks;
Inspired them till they raised their youthful voices,
Sang the Fire Chant of Wohelo,
Repeated again the wood gatherers' desire,
Then slowly nestled around the fire brands.

Bending low before the embers
To catch the flickering rays of light,
Opechee the Redbird and Chiceta the Eagle
Read about the last two meetings.
Then upspoke in turn each maiden—
Told of some kind deed performed,
Told of helping mother, sister;
Told of the first aid to the injured,
Till each girl had proved her right
To wear the symbol of the camp fire.

From her place beside the fire
Then arose the Wecantau.
She, the guardian of our camp fire,
Rose to give each girl her honors,
Awarded for things accomplished;
Gave to Wenonah a bead for canoeing;
To Opechee a bead for dancing;
To Sabalalu a bead for Indian legends;
To Aronita a bead for tramping;
To Cupa a bead for cooking;
Gave to Chegeta a home-craft honor—
An honor for keeping house one month.
So she awarded the honor beads
Till all had received them save Lowanewi.
Lowanewi, the North Star, a stranger,
Not as yet a Camp Fire maiden,
Advancing now within the circle,
She repeated her desire to love, to work, to be happy
In helping others being trustworthy,
Ever faithful to her Camp Fire sisters,
Faithful to the good within her.
And with her desire she became a member,
No longer a stranger without our fire,
For now she wears the symbol of the Camp Fire—
Symbol of love, of strength, of work!

Then lightly o'er the river floated
 Our good-night song, first softly,
 Then growing louder, fuller,
 Till the woods gave back the echo,
 Till the north wind, rising, sighing,
 Joined us with his mournful wailing,
 And the screech owl in the distance
 Blinked and gave his melancholy note;
 And the bullfrog in the river
 Lifted his deep voice in harsh inquiry.
 All nature woke and listened,
 Listened to the dying echoes
 Fading in the purple distance.

Thus ended our council fire,
 Mid the voices of the forest,
 With the somber trees around us,
 With the stars and moon above us!

CHEGETA.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—No; the *Camp Fire Girls* are not on the war-path. This is the official style of diction.]

The Junior Class

Maybe we haven't *some* Junior Class. You don't think so? Well ask any member about it, and if you still don't think so, see Gerald Parker. He, being the chairman, can give you all the information you crave, but to save some of these inquiries I will tell you a few things about the class.

First, I will stun you by letting you know who our noble officers are. They happen to be: chairman, G. Parker; vice chairman, Miss Anne Mitchell; secretary, M. Connors; treasurer, "Duke" Daley, and sergeant-at-arms, Percy Gibson.

We held our first meeting January the seventh, and outlined the purpose of the organization and the work we intend to do. A week later, a second meeting was held, at which the above named officers were elected. Since this meeting a constitution has been adopted and things are running along smoothly except the discussions at the meetings, which are anything but "smooth."

We haven't shown our power yet, but when we do, the school will have to sit up and take notice, as we have the best class that was ever in the school.

Our Trophies

For the benefit of those who have not seen our trophies, and do not know the history connected with them, we write this article. The trophy case is divided into compartments. The compartment on left reminds us of the springtime. On the top shelf, we find something that has taken such a great liking to Tech that it has decided to remain here indefinitely. For the past three years it has favored us with all but about three days of its company. Now, you have guessed what we refer to, the Competitive Drill Flag. In nineteen hundred and eleven, Company D, under Captain A. M. King, had the honor of bringing the treasured visitor back to Tech. after an absence of one year. If you happen to be near the north entrance to the Library, just step across the hall and look at Captain King's picture in the picture of the 1910-11 Staff Officers of the Cadet Organization. He is a boy who gave Tech the first grip on the permanent hold of the Flag.

The following year. Company C under Robert E. Coughlin again brought the Flag back to Tech. There is a picture of Company C right next to the student's bulletin board and Captain Coughlin's picture may be found in the picture of the 1911-12 Staff Officers which is located between rooms 108-9.

Last spring Captain Elbert T. Nash with Company K brought the flag to Tech for the third consecutive time. These three captains have built their own memorial in the permanent addition of the present Flag

Just below the Competitive Drill Trophy we find another token of spring. The Princeton Baseball Cup presented by the Princeton Alumni of Washington, D. C. This cup was won, first by Central in 1905. The following year it came to Tech. In 1907 Western won the championship. In 1908 it again came to Tech. The following year Business claimed the honor. Central won the championship in 1910. In 1911 we won the cup for the third time thus ending the journey of our baseball trophy.

We now turn our attention to the central compartment. On the top shelf we find the Princeton Football Cup, presented by the Princeton Alumni Association of Washington, D. C. The cup, which represents the Inter-High School Football Championship

was won first by Western High School in 1905. The following year there was no championship. In 1907 the cup came to Tech for the first time. The following year it again returned to Tech. In 1909 it decided to make its permanent abode with us. The picture of the 1907 championship is just outside room 120. A picture of the 1908 squad may be found near the Assembly Hall. There is no picture of the 1911 team.

On the second shelf we find the Evening Star Trophy for Rifle. It was won by Tech in 1909. In 1912 it was won by Eastern. Last year it was again won by Tech. The team consisted of L. Sargeant, E. Sutlin, T. Gerber, P. Gibson, A. Ridgely, and J. Petrie. The total score was 927.

On the bottom shelf there is an Inter-Club Match Rifle Trophy presented by the National Rifle Association of America. This was won by Tech in 1911.

Turning to the compartment on the right we find on the top shelf, the President's Cup of the Alumni Association of Business High School. This trophy was won by Tech on June 6, 1910.

And, best of all just now, is the new Football Championship Cup which Central has turned over to us. This cup was given by the Princeton Alumni Association in 1910; was won by Central in 1910; kept by Central in 1911, when Tech tied Central; was won by Central in 1912, and has come to us for the first time this year. Everybody look at it in the case, and see if it is not worth the two more championships we've got to win to keep it.


The school is grateful to Mr. Daniel for granting our request that these trophies be placed where we all may see them. Certainly no better place could be selected than the one which the trophy case now occupies in the main corridor, near the front door, where students and visitors alike may see the cups of which Tech is the proud possessor.

E. N. B., '14.


LOCATED.

Willis—So you were up at college to see your son? How is he? Was he on the football team?

Gillis—Judging by his looks, I think the football team was on him.—*Town Topics.*



ALUMNI



MYLES F. CONNORS, 1915.

During the past month we received with untold pleasure a great many letters from "old grads" who are at college. Our only regret is that we have not space enough to print them all, but even though it is impossible to do this, we certainly are glad to receive them, as we can then know how the former Tech men are getting along.

The following letter from O. P. Wilson, Class of 1903, gives you some idea of the way some of our graduates are succeeding:

"HAND AND MIND:

"I believe I wrote you some time ago that I have a position as assistant chemist in the Bureau of Chemistry of the Agricultural Department. Washington is my headquarters, but I have been in California on field duty for two years and a quarter. I can't claim to be the big chief of any investigation, but have a good share of the work being done here to develop methods for saving the waste oranges and lemons by turning them into by-products, such as citric acid, lemon and orange oil, candied peels, bottled juices, vinegars, etc. We have a lot of interesting work to do yet, though some of the problems are already completed.

"At present I am working under the Assistant Chief of the Food Inspection Division to establish a chemical standard for the testing of oranges, many of which have been shipped very green heretofore, after being artificially colored by a process called sweating. The work is very pleasant, and brings us into very close touch with the orange industry. Oranges are rather a drug on the market here, and it is easy to find places where ten or fifteen thousand acres of bearing trees are in sight at one glance.

"I don't know that I have much to offer in the way of sugges-

tions. The schools out here are fine, but there is something about the system, or maybe the country itself, that seems to turn out a less finished product than our Eastern institutions. I've been away from Washington long enough for things to change somewhat, and the new styles of dancing, etc., may be developing a class just like there is here. The point of this rambling paragraph is that the one thing suggested to me by a mental comparison of the boys and girls of the East and the West is this: The boys and girls of the East, especially the latter, have just as much brain and several hundred per cent more of real refinement than those of the West; and it's worth your while to cultivate just that point—refinement of manner—so that you do not lose your present advantage. Do not take this as an arraignment of all California women, for there are many fine ones in the State; but there is a noticeable difference in general in this respect, and I want to see the West come up, and not the East come down.

With best regards,

"O. P. WILSON."

W. D. Appel, Feb., '12, who is at the University of Chicago, writes:

"I am too busy most of the time to be homesick.

"The other day I captured twenty-three birds; twenty of these were Canada geese. (We are willing to bet he means "chickens.") The others were bluejay, herring-gull, and chickadee. I was recently elected a member of the Ornithological Society. We are now taking the latest theories of Osmosis" (whatever that is we don't know).

"The Profs. know too well how to stick you with work, and it keeps you so busy that you scarcely have time to breathe.

"Give my best regards to Tech.

"WOODSON HOUGHTON, Feb., '12.

"Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va."

Lewis Boss, Feb., '12, who is taking a four-year course in architecture at Carnegie Tech, says:

"The girls of Tech ought to look into the Women's College of Domestic Science, which is a part of this institution. The institution has a large endowment, and the tuition charges are very low. The school is young, but its alumni already have a reputation."

Howard G. Benson, June, '10, is at the United States Military Academy at West Point, and expects soon to be graduated into the service.

"HAND AND MIND:

"I appreciate your invitation to me to write a short article for your paper, and will give you, for Tech, some idea of our school—Pratt Institute.

"This institution is an endowed one, offering to boys in moderate circumstances the opportunity of securing a thorough education in practical industrial work. Here the boys are treated as men working for one great establishment, not attending school.

"The courses offered are applied courses, fitting the men of the several departments for responsible positions in the manufacturing world. Owing to the great value of this education, the attendance of last year, four thousand five hundred (4,500), may give you some idea of the force of this point—there are boys waiting to fill the positions of any boys not qualifying in the work.

"Admission to the courses does not insure a boy's education in Pratt, for if a boy does not fill the bill he is not permitted to return at the end of the term.

"The chemistry course, in which I am installed, at least for the present, is a remarkable one. The first-year work is general qualitative analysis, and the second year includes quantitative and industrial chemistry. The industrial covers the field of the chemistry of leather, soap, paints, oils, dyes, etc. We have miniature plants in most of these branches, in which the men are given practical experience.

"There are also very excellent courses for girls at Pratt, offering thorough education in art and domestic science. The details of the girls' courses are not familiar to me, so I regret my inability to give you further information on this subject.

"Now, boys, when you are thinking about your future, if you want to be somebody in the world and you are not afraid of work and long hours of study, find out about Pratt Institute, and at least make an attempt to enter one of our courses, for I am sure you will not regret it.

Most sincerely yours,

RALPH L. GOLDSMITH.



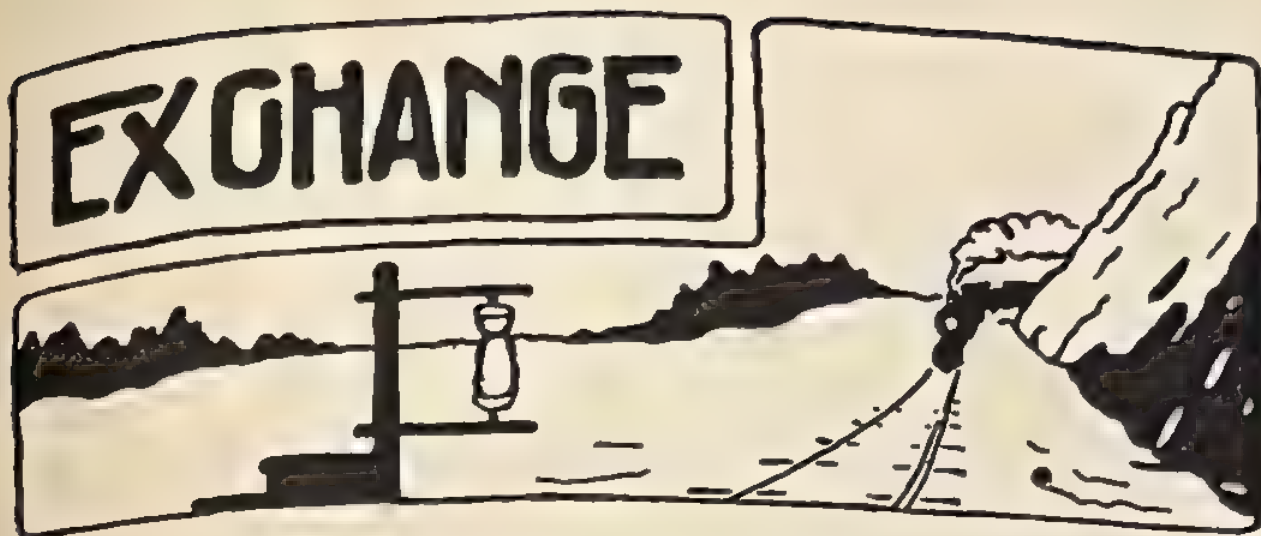
Jes' look at that
big guy, would
yuh!!! If he can
run a newspaper be-
sides bis magazine in
his old school, dog-
goned if we' uns
can't too!!!

Were
scared
to
try-
any-
think
that's
new.

We can't
even
support the
"Review".

It can't
be did.

JEX



It has been a pleasure for the editor of this department to have to call in aid from the various study halls to help in "carting" our heavy (?) exchange mail to his place of business. Some of the weighty articles were in the following:

The Balance Sheet, Business High School, Washington, D. C.

The Beacon, Western High School, Detroit, Mich.

The Blotter, The Drillery, Washington, D. C.

The Brown Daily Herald, Brown University, Providence, R. I.

The Carteret, Carteret Academy, Orange, N. J.

The Columbia Alumni News, Columbia University, New York City.

The Easterner, Eastern High School, Washington, D. C.

The Gordonian, The Gordon School, Philadelphia, Pa.

The High School Mirror, Elgin High School, Elgin, Ill.

The High School Register, Omaha High School, Omaha, Nebr.

The New Yorker, New York University, New York.

The Old Hughes, Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Orient, The East Side High School, Newark, N. J.

The Otaknam, Mankato High School, Mankato, Minn.

The Review, Central High School, Washington, D. C.

The Seminarian, Stephenson Seminary, Charlestown, W. Va.

The University Hatchet, George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

The Western, Western High School, Washington, D. C.

The Widow, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

The World, St. Paul Central High School, St. Paul, Minn.

The Peabody, Peabody High School, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Distaff, Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.

The staff of a magazine, published by the pupils of a school, as *The Beacon* is, are to be complimented on the appearance of their last issue. Through *The Beacon*, we are informed that the school has a club called "The House of Representatives." The club is run on the same plan as the National House of Representatives, and all the members have a fine chance to become familiar with the methods and forms of public speaking and parliamentary procedure. This same idea has lately been inaugurated in our own debating society, the Agora, and at the last meeting the expected good results were apparent. We do not think it would be amiss if a little more "pep" were put into your business staff, as the high cost of producing each issue warrants the procuring of a great many ads.

The Blotter—"An absorbing sheet" is the way we are greeted by a new exchange. This is to us indeed an innovation—a paper from a business school of busy people. We wish every success to *The Blotter*, and we feel that if all subsequent issues are as "absorbing" as the first, it will indeed be a success.

Through *The Easterner*, we learn that Eastern High School has inaugurated a bank, which is open for the deposits of the teachers, pupils, and the school organizations, as well as for outsiders. Any deposit of 10 cents or more will be accepted. We wish you the greatest success in this new undertaking in the commercial world. Price, one jit. This is the extremely low price *The Easterner* is charging for its illuminating (?) supplement, *The Scare Head*. There is no doubt but that it is fully worth the money.

Somehow or other, we can't agree with *The Balance Sheet* in the placing of their two full-page ads in the middle of the magazine, as we do not believe that the unity and beauty of the magazine should be sacrificed for mere monetary remuneration. Otherwise Business is publishing a very creditable "sheet."

The High School Register—You certainly have a great deal of material for your "Squibs" column.

Several things really worth mentioning are to be found in *The Old Hughes*. At Hughes an art research club has been started again, the purpose of which is to broaden the members' education

of art through the study of current art events, art history, and by visits to places of artistic interest. Another thing to be mentioned are your columns headed "The Weekly Cheese, Published Daily on Mondays." The editor of this must surely be a wide-awake fellow to pull off such "stuff" as these columns contain. One cut which is very appropriate in your magazine is the one over the exchange department.

The Orient has a fine idea portrayed in its "East Side High School Tree of Opportunity," as it really shows exactly what the education given a young man or lady in a technical or vocational high school means. This in itself is enough to persuade a person desiring a "real" education to attend such a school.

The exchange editor of *The Otaknam* is certainly the man for his job, as he is so absorbed as to dream of his work. We wish to commend him on his "dream," and hope that he will have others fully as interesting. We suggest that heading cuts would give the paper an air that it could not otherwise get.

We note in the editorials of *The Peabody* for December a welcome to Dr. William M. Davidson, as Superintendent of Schools, and we wish to state that you cannot make your welcome too hearty, as you will find in Dr. Davidson a man who will enter heart and soul into the interest of the students and the schools of Pittsburgh. We are only sorry that Dr. Davidson found it advisable to leave us. A novel feature is also found in this magazine in the way of giving a permanent and lucid record of the football games. A Mr. Zeller has made up a chart, showing all the movements of the ball, which can be followed and understood by the veriest neophyte. The number and size of the ads speak well for the business department of *The Peabody*, and the arrangement of them shows a very good judgment from a business point of view, with the exception of the grouping of several pages of ads together in the back.

The Review hardly seems to fill the place of a magazine for so large a school as Central. The lack of cuts seems to be an important factor that has been overlooked, and we suggest that cartoons of the various school activities have been found successful in many magazines. But, above all, we would suggest a large dose of "pep."

While *The World* is a newcomer to THE HAND AND MIND, it

has won a warm place in our esteem by its interesting pages, fraught with cuts, sure-enough stories, and lively cartoons. *The World* has an interesting two pages under the name of "The How-couldja Daily Chat," which is an idea that would pay any magazine to adopt. Its take-off on newspaper management is great. It is certainly easily apparent that the business staff of *The World* are hustlers, as shown by their ads and the 1,100 circulation per month. Don't forget to call on us regularly, *World*.

THE GIRLS' NEED OF A GYM

(Continued from page 15.)

appropriate place for indoor baseball practice, and that when our track teams practice in the corridors of the third floor during bad weather they cannot compete on equal grounds with teams which practice in a gym especially equipped for the purpose. Any one who has ever danced on the rough, unpolished concrete floor of the lunchroom knows how delightful that is! Several years ago, when the Freshmen girls had a social afternoon together to get acquainted, it was necessary to have the affair at Business in the gym because we had no suitable place.

Just think it over. Why should the other schools have gyms and not Tech? There is positively no reason, except that we have not worked hard enough to get it. We need it, everybody admits that; and if we really want it we will get it. Congress must be convinced that we need the gym as much as we needed the additional class rooms three years ago. If we, the student body, do not work to get a gymnasium and show that we are interested, who is going to do it? Surely, we cannot expect some Congressman to realize our need and work to put an appropriation bill through if we do nothing about it ourselves.

HOW THEY DO IT.

"I have invented a new dance.

"What do you call it?"

"The Wall Street Wallop. You swing corners, change partners, and side-step.—*Washington Star*.

The Track Squad

Ever since track training was announced, a good squad of fellows have been training very faithfully. Even the coldest days couldn't baffle them. To date two interclass track meets have been held, which were very successful and interesting. Not only have several speed maniacs been brought to light, but a number who were slow have developed good speed and endurance.

During the past month or more of training, Mr. Gish, the coach, had the squad do mostly form work. After a short while half of the squad ran a relay race against the other half nearly every day, after the usual form work had been practiced. It was not long before the sprinters and distance men were separated and trained for their respective events. Then was the time that one could get a good idea of the men and our prospects, which look very bright indeed.

Shortly before the Christmas holidays a successful interclass track meet was held which gave a great deal of pleasure to the spectators. The faculty relay race, which was run off in rapid time, was most successful. It was a pity that Uncle Louie and Mr. Marsh didn't run, for then we might have seen more records smashed. In this meet several fine runners were brought to light. Harland, who won the mile, shows excellent ability, and should make the others hustle for honors in the distances. Sheehan, who won the half, has shown more than ordinary skill and ability in the quarter, half, and mile. L. Tibbott showed his speed in the meet, and copped the lap and a half with ease. Sheer ran a pretty race in the three laps. Hartung, Clarkson, Parks, Myers, Carr, Mobley, and others showed class in their events.

Another meet was held on January 23, which was quite as successful, except that the faculty relay was omitted. Few new men, if any, entered this meet; but about everybody who ran in the first meet was scheduled for it. The stars of this meet were Sheehan, who won the mile; L. Tibbott, who won the 50, 220, and broad jump; "Happy" Hardell, winner of the quarter; Boyer, who put the shot exceedingly far; Percy Gibson, who won the other 220; Hartung and Morrison, who tied for the high jump, and several others who showed that they were worthy to represent Tech. Hughes,

Myers, Clarkson, Bobby Hardell, Mobley, Wheeler, Sheer, Parks and others again showed that they had the stuff in them.

Tech's prospects for a winning relay team seem very bright. Sheehan, L. Tibbott, "Happy" and Bobby Hardell and Mobley seem to be a formidable five, who can run the quarter in rapid time, and it seems quite probable that they will be able to whitewash their opponents.

One thing which the squad lacks in particular is broad and high jumpers. There is at present only one broad jumper who has shown real ability, although the other two or three have just commenced. There are only three or four out for the high jump, so you can easily see there is plenty of room for newcomers in these events. Mr. Gish is well satisfied with those who are out, but he says that there is not nearly enough. So, fellows, why not come out and help make Tech a winner? Even if you are in the Cadets, you should come out for your love of Tech, as well as the personal benefit. Don't wait until spring, because then you will have a much harder time to cut a figure than if you come now.

E. W. TIBBOTT.

THE SCHOOL SEAL

(Continued from page 17.)

Fellow-students, it is your fault; it is the fault of every student of McKinley Manual Training School. Surely there is enough talent in a school like ours to merit more competitions. All the other high schools—Eastern, Western, Business, and Central—have school seals designed either by a member of the faculty or the student body. But Tech, one of the largest high schools in the Capital of the United States, must remain without one.

Does that not rouse you to action? Do you not see that we cannot and must not remain any longer without an official school seal? Do you not see how necessary it is that all our athletic certificates, diplomas and other school documents and papers be stamped with a real Tech seal?

Therefore, fellow-students and lovers of Tech, get the support of your teachers and gain honor for yourself by designing a seal to stand for all Tech for all time.

HISTORY OF THE FEBRUARY CLASS

(Continued from page 21.)

to the helm again. Which attempts they should have sense enough not to mention in their class history.

For the years past the "HAND AND MIND" has been lampooned and scorned by students and faculty alike, and really the wretchedness of this thing supplied the stimulant for the faculty to launch its paper; well, last fall Mr. Ernie Fortier, who will soon entertain you, took hold of it and, with the usual dash and efficiency which characterized our class, metamorphosed it from a weak, unstable rag of fool poetic dawdling into the healthy, snappy criterion of school sentiment which you all admire.

For the purpose of holding the good name of Tech high in track athletics, we are leaving in school one of our classmates, Mr. Happy Hardell, who developed the track team as no one else has ever done, and therein made athletic history. Messrs. Lockwood, Harrison and Hardell and Spizzy helped change the football history of Tech from defeat to victory. There is our valedictorian who has made the cadets what they are, in spite of the fact that his grandfather's birthdays necessitate a three-day celebration. Mr. Archie Gibson, whose voice will soon be raised in song, made the whole illustrious history of the rifle club. Mr. Wells, the man behind the dramatic club, originated and trained the Tech band. Under the direction of Mr. Hance, the Tech News has been most successful from a popular and literary standpoint. Mr. Sheer has seen to it that it was a success financially. And our history thus brightened by the tender light of romance: for where in high school circles can be found any love to match the love of Stella and Bessie, those inseparable, only-in-death-we-part young things, who have spent so much time trying to prove that two angels can occupy the same chair at the same time, despite the section teacher's disapproval? The history of music is never talked of without mentioning Appel, our famous virtuoso, who was imported from abroad some years ago to help us make our history more complete, and when having accomplished this will now return to his native Anacostia. You see there is not a line of activity, a single part of Tech's development which we have not stimulated. Our universality is unparalleled. We have literally shaped Tech's destiny and

modeled her history. Our history is the record of Tech's growth and prosperity. Just that. We claim no more than that. We might say more, but we are not so inclined. We are modest. We need not boast. Our record shows only too well that we have done the things I mention and more. But we ask no more acclaim. No more laurels. We came, we saw, we achieved. We are content to let things remain unheralded. So I have let the past remain buried, speaking only meagerly of the things it was my duty to mention. But I have made clear that our class history is the history of Tech's progress, that it is since our arrival here and during our sojourn the school has sprung into prominence. The little that I have told shows very well to show that we have made history, and that in no case is it any truer that the history of a nation is the lives of its great men, than here, where the history of Tech, during the last four years, is the lives of the great men and fair women of the class of February, 1914.

[*Editor's Note.*—We put this in to show you How the February Class Hates Itself.]

NEW DRUG STORE

OPPOSITE TECH

Will be opened with a full line of
Drugs, Sundries, Toilet Articles, Magazines, School Supplies,
Etc., at the lowest prices.

Brunier

RELIABLE DRUGGIST

Formerly with W. C. Downey, 14th and Thomas Circle
The Christiani Drug Co.

A WELL KEPT FOUNTAIN

Where "QUALITY SODA" may be obtained will be one of the features of this new store. High class prescription work at a saving to you.

The Agora

BY STEVENS HUGHES, '17.

The Agora has started on its second half year with plans for the entertainment of its members that will make it more popular than ever. There will be formal debates between the candidates for membership and between the members of the society. The plans are nearly completed for a social evening the 6th of March at the home of one of its members, Mr. Cleveland.

At the meeting of January 28th, Mr. Bessling resigned as Recording Secretary. Mr. Cleveland was elected on the first ballot to fill his place.

The Agora is now divided into two sides—the Maroons and the Grays—and there is much rivalry between them. The Maroons are perpetually proposing extraordinary changes, and the Grays opposing them. Mr. Tomlinson is leader of the Maroons, while Mr. Rammling does the bandmaster act for the Grays. Extemporaneous debates are held at every meeting, the Maroons taking the radical side and the Grays the conservative. This method of debating adds a tang of rivalry to the meetings, and the Agora is rapidly losing its reputation for dryness, and calmness, too, for that matter; for it has been found necessary to go to such lengths as to expel an obstreperous member. At such times there is much excitement, but the climax has not been reached yet, for it has not been found necessary to expel a member larger than the sergeant-at-arms.

The members of the Agora have drawn up a resolution setting forth the harm the bill now in Congress prohibiting the collection of money for any school activity, except the Athletic Association, will do to the Agora. This resolution will be presented to the committee having the bill under consideration.

SWEET REVENGE.

Judge—It seems to me that I have seen you before.

Prisoner—You have, your honor; I taught your daughter singing lessons.

Judge—Thirty years.—*New York Evening World.*

STOP! READ! HEED!*(Continued from page 22.)*

tage over the fellow who does not know what it means to obey promptly the least command. You will be able to control yourself, and to form healthful and regular habits.

Sophomores, if you have allowed one year to slip by without taking advantage of the opportunities offered you at Tech, start now, and do things for Tech. Make up for lost time. Don't let another moment pass before joining some school organization. You will not realize what you have lost until you reach your Senior year, so don't say you were not warned in time. Get busy and make good.

If there are any upper-classmen who have allowed themselves to forget what they owe to Tech, we beg them to show their school spirit and make the best of the remaining years they have with us. Tech will appreciate everything you accomplish in its name. Do your best to make Tech the greatest High School in Washington.

Remember to join at least one of the following school interests.

The Cadet Organization

The Track Team

The Agora

The Tech Player's Club

The Orchestra

THE HAND AND MIND

The Football Squad

This means you.

The Baseball Team

The Rifle Club

The Handicraft Guild

The Crew

The Tech News

The Camera Club

The Chess Club.

E. N. B., '14.



Household Hints

A word to the wise is sufficient. You bet it is, and whether you follow these instructions or not will tell me how wise you are.

Since the time of the original diaphanous skirt displayed on the charming form of Eve, women have been noted for their inefficient didings. No; please don't take offense at that statement; such a condition of affairs has always existed; even Solomon knew it.

Back in the head of every girl—and boy, too, for that matter—is heard the gentle buzzing of the matrimonial bee. Oh, don't do that. Really it is nothing to blush so over. You girls expect to be wives. Now, down in the lower regions—that is, in the shops—an able corps of instructors are working to teach the boys efficient, practical methods. Now, it is only natural that they will demand the same in the way of wives. You, as future wives, must be able to concentrate that little dome of yours on something else besides dress and cosmetics, or, in other words, be there with the bean-work. Here, then, my dear feminine admirers, are a few realisms gleaned by a mere man from a couple of weeks' experience in keeping bachelor's hall.

A touch of grassy green is always desirable in an apartment; it is so refreshing and restful to the eyes. You know those dinky little 3 by 6 inch baking pans, that are in every gas stove? Take that dainty pan—no, it does not have to be greased—put it on your center table and fill it with some nice rich loam. You can get excellent loam by taking your husband's fountain pen and with it scraping some soil out of the slot in the rails of the car track. About 49½ cents worth of grass seed, if used economically, will be enough to cover this well. Dip it in a bathtub full of lukewarm water twice a day, and it will soon sprout. During the period of adolescence it should be well mowed with a safety razor, and we guarantee if these directions are followed carefully and efficiently your lawn will not cost over \$1.39 per inch.

A touch of color is always necessary. and, of course, nature's colors are the best. Seven and one-quarter pints of morning glory seed dropped into your player piano and watered carefully night and morning will produce a novel effect. termed a symphony in

color. Of course, these delicate plants will need some cultivation. Well, run a couple of music rolls over every day, but, my friends, be sure you have the latest hits; the plant cannot stand old rag, even if you can. If the moths or any other pestiferous insect bothers your glories, just sing a little, and this, if you are not a member of Tech's chorus, we are sure will put them—that is, the bugs—out of commish.

Now we come to something really interesting for the men—the eats. If you would have leeks, just tell the *head of the house* to take his brace and bit (please don't look so frightened, he'll know what a brace and bit is), and bore a few holes in the roof. April showers, of course, produce the most prolific crop, but you can get leeks most any time.

Of course, we must have cabbages; no one who lives in an apartment house would ever dream of getting along without them. They have such a pleasant perfume that wafts itself through closed doors and about the halls and in everyway makes itself agreeable. It is very simple to raise cabbages. Buy your cabbages early in the morning and have them sent to the basement of your apartment house. Your jinnytor, for a quarter, will put them on the dumb-waiter and have them at your domicile in time for the evening meal. Served with powdered cornbeef, they make a luscious confection.

Of course, we must have soup and fish on the menu cards, but of that I have not very much to say. Just this: Don't put your old kid gloves in the soup. There is too little kid and too much glove for you to extract any nutriment that will really satisfy the inner man. For fish let your husband go fishing, but be sure to instruct your fishmonger which is your favorite fish and order him to sell your husband no other.

Window gardens look very nifty and add an air of refinement to the apartment, and our household helps would not be complete without a recipe for one. Take hubby's old silk Kelly and puncture it with a corkscrew until it resembles a piece of tripe and an aged porous plaster. This, filled with terra firma, sowed with eleven ounces of canary bird seed and hung in the window with two of your Herr's best silk ties, will be as neat a hanging garden as were

(Continued on page 54.)

FRESHIE'S PLIGHT

The rain, it was raining wetly,
 Upon a Saturday,
 When off went Jesse, poor little Freshie,
 For Rockville on his way.

He boldly went into the car
 And took a seat of cane.
 He heaved a sigh and wiped his eye,
 And wished it wouldn't rain.

He saw beneath a vacant seat
 A heater, fine and fair;
 So on went Freshie, poor little Jesse,
 And said he shouldn't care.

For Freshie, dear, his toes did want
 To coyly, calmly toast.
 He thought, thought he, lollipops, ah, me!
 My tootsies now I'll roast.

His eagle eye did rove about;
 There were no seniors near.
 He turned him round and slouched him down,
 And long'd for a glass of beer.

His young canalboats he did place
 Upon that heater strong;
 But he'll ever say, bad luck the day,
 With that gaping, grinning throng.

A shrilly scream rent the stilly air.
 Was someone over run?
 The conductor knew, the motorman, too—
 Our tale is almost done.

With the help of the motorman's hefty arm
 And the passengers' helping hands,
 Freshie's life they did save, pulled him back from the grave;
 He went not to sweeter lands.

For our dear Freshie's feet,
 When under the seat,
 Performing the feat
 Of absorbing the heat,
 Formed a circuit and gave him
 A shock quite complete.
 And that calamity dire
 This tale did inspire.
 Don't call me a liar—
 'Tis the truth I repeat.

STEVENS HUGHES.

[*Editor's Note.*—The Poet says this is a personal experience.]

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

(Continued from page 52.)

those in ancient Babylon. For about four bits a week your jinnytor will immerse, water or sprinkle it, according to his industry, but I recommend immersing. If all this is done, and done properly, by the end of the second advisory you will have a garden that is a cross between a weeping willow, a patent hair restorer ad, a bunch of Mr. Wilson's wood shavings and a handful of Mr. Hecox's iron filings thrown together and mixed with an electric egg beater.

One more thing, and this I tell you from bitter experience. Never allow your husband to kiss the cook in the kitchenette. In all well-regulated apartment houses it is prohibited; the smack, smack disturbs the people next door.

S. H.

[*Editor's Note.*—The gink that wrote these words of wisdom prays that no female pull his ambrosial locks or mar his Apollo-like features in any way.]



THE TATTLE



AN HONEST MAN.

An Irishman, having accidentally broken a pane in a window of a house on Broadway, attempted as fast as he could to get out of the way, but he was followed and seized by the proprietor, who explained:

"You broke my window, rascal; did you not?"

"To be sure, Oi did, an' didn't ye see me runnin' home for the money to pay ye for it?"

DAS ENDE.

me!"

"I know my feet iss to valk on, but dot privilege pelongs to .
As they exit:

Oswald's foot.)

(Friends rush in and separate them. Some one steps on

"Blow in der odder direction, please!"

"Didt you feel dot blow? Biff-ff!"

"Ve both liff together."

"Vere do you both liff?"

"He liffs mit me."

"Vere does your brudder liff?"

"I liff mit mein brudder."

A DRAMA

(Continued from page 56.)

Fail to understand,
Lack of interest,
Unexpected company,
Not prepared,
Kicked out!

—Ex.

NEW EVIDENCE.

"Why do you want a new trial?"

"On the grounds of newly discovered evidence, your honor."

"What's the nature of it?"

"My client dug up \$400 that I didn't know he had."—*Washington Herald.*

(Continued on page 55.)

May I ask vere you liff?"

"See here, I don't vont to mess you up in front off der peoples!

"Der rest iss none off your business."

"Very thoughtful, I am sure."

"I haf left dot entirely to her fadder."

expect to liff on?"

"Vell, you don't seem to make mooch interest. Vot do you

"I haf left dot to her mutter."

"Iss it to be in a church order in a house?"

"I haf left dot to my financee."

"Vot iss der date?"

"Sure!"

going to get married—you-u-u-u-u get married——"

"Before I leaf, I make a sneer und say dot I heardt dot you vos

"Be sure and only hit der spot."

"Diss iss enough! I vill shoot on her spot!"

"Vy, der handt laundry, off course."

"Vot laundry?"

"Send dem to dee laundry."

"To vash my handts off you."

A DRAMA

(Continued from page 57.)

(Continued on page 56.)

"Vot for?"

"Oh, get me a basin?"

apples?"

"Certainly! Vy shouldn't dey ven dey iss so full mit green
moaned——"

"Do you remember ven ve ver in der country and der trees
"Den I refuse to listen!"

vill make a silence."

"To dot derr iss no answer, as der iss no question off it. I
myself in your presence!"

"Ha! As for me, I would radder be alone in a crowt den by

A DRAMA

(Continued from page 59.)

Sir George says he doesn't wonder that his sweetheart is afraid
of lightning—she is so awfully attractive.

Confectionery

Sodas

Janes Bros.

514 9th Street

**The Columbia
School of Drafting**

McLachlen Bldg.

TOPOGRAPHIC, MAP DRAWING
AND ALL BRANCHES OF
DRAFTING TAUGHT

LEARN TO LETTER

Alpher & Kurr

Wholesale Jewelry and Jewelry Supplies
Watch Material Tools

403 NINTH STREET N. W.

LEWIS M. THAYER
Printer and Engraver

Dance Programs a Specialty 507 13th St. N. W.

B. Rich's Sons
Proper Footwear

Ten One F Street N. W., Corner 10th
SHOES FOR ALL OCCASIONS

WATCHES

All Standard Makes Lowest Possible Prices

Henry C. Karr

1402 G Street N. W.

NATIONAL PECULIARITY.

"Why is it," asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, "that you Swiss always fight for money, while we French only fight for honor?"

"I suppose," said the Switzer, "that both nations fight for what they most lack."

VACUUM THEOLOGY.

A colored Baptist was exhorting. "Now, breddren and sistern, come up to de altar an hab yo sins washed away."

All came but one man.

"Why, Brudder Jones, don' yo' want yo' sins washed away "

"I done had my sins washed away."

"Yo' has! Where you' had yo' sins washed away?"

"Ober at de Methodist church."

"Ah, Brudder Jones, yo' ain't been washed; yo' jst' been dry cleaned."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

SNYDER & KIDD, SHOES AND HOSIERY

1211 F Street N. W.

Ball Programs, Class and Fraternity Stationery

BREWOD

ENGRAVERS AND STATIONERS

519 Thirteenth Street

Educational Film Co.

1343 F Street N. W.

Slides and Projecting Machines for Sale
and Rent

\$2 THE DODGE HAT \$1.45
ANY YOUNG MAN CAN FIND THE STYLE HE LIKES,
EITHER HATS OR CAPS, IN OUR TWO STORES
504 9th St. N.W., Near E 1306 7th St. N.W., Near N

INTERIORS A SPECIALTY
Views, Copying and Flash Light
and Bromide Enlarging

Architectural and Commercial Work
Blue Printing

H. A. FARNHAM

Commercial Photographer

PHONE, MAIN 113

936 F STREET NORTHWEST

(Continued on page 57.)

ashamed to be seen in my own company!"

"So do I. Since I haf been going mit you, honest, I am
"I hate you; I love you!"

"Be careless vot you say."

"Vy, no; you iss a hyppotamus!"

"You iss dotching der issue. Do I look like a hypocrite?"

"Iss dot so?"

"Vell, don't get fresh!"

"Vot does it look like? I tought dot you had lost der balance?"

"You haf lost my friendship."

A DRAMA

(Continued from page 60.)

SODAS

M. H. RICHARDSON & CO.

7th and Q Streets

DRUGS

J. FRENCH SIMPSON

SODAS

7th and Rhode Island Avenue

DRUGS

DIEGES & CLUST

Jewelers and Silversmiths

MUNSEY BUILDING, 1325 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Class Pins, Medals, Loving Cups, Plaques

Represented by J. V. MULLIGAN

GUDE BROS. CO.

Florists and Floral Decorators

1214 F Street Northwest

(Continued on page 59.)

"Don't be sooch violence!"
about me?"

"Vetter it iss oder isn't it, I ask, do you distract vot you said

"Der Blooming Idiot!"

"Vot flower?"

"Vell, vot off it? You remindt me off a flower."

"Vot! in front off dot face?"

vant you to say it in front of my face."

"Chess! Der negst dime you speak to me behind my back I

"Vy, Oswald, haf I defended you in any manner?"

"Come here, Van, I haf a crowbar to pickax mit you."

Enter VAN DROIT and OSWALD.

(Background in the Foreground.)

Great Quarrel Scene.

SCENE I.

BY WILLIAM S. HANCE, JR.

A Drama

BUSINESS PRINTING

FOR BUSINESS PEOPLE

See me about those Invitations, Announcements,
Tickets, Etc. I can save you money.

W. B. DAWSON

COMMERCIAL AND SOCIETY PRINTER
807 Ninth Street Northwest

THE FINAL WORD IN TYPEWRITER EFFICIENCY WAS WRITTEN BY THE **UNDERWOOD**

When operated by Margaret B. Owen,
World's Champion Typist, at the unpre-
cedented rate of 125 net words a minute
for one hour.

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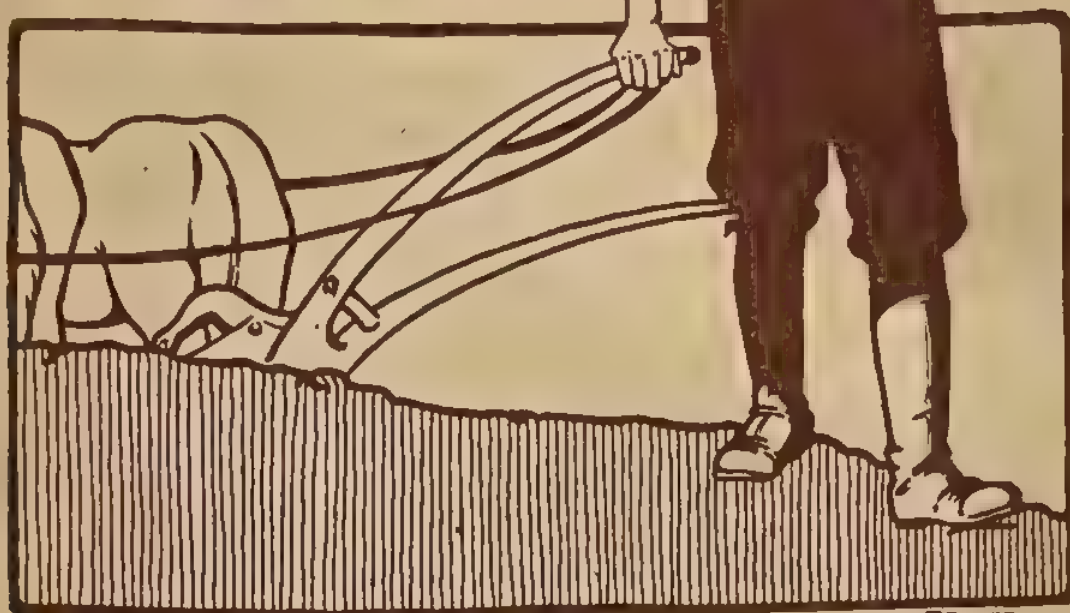
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HAND AND MIND



SPRING

Vol. XX

March, 1914

No. 4

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311 E. CAP. ST.**TEL. LINC. 38***THOSE AWFUL SUITS.*

I saw a thing of greenish hue,
 'Twas like a plot of grass.
 But when to it I closer drew,
 'Twas the President of the Senior Class.

The next school day, another was seen,
 'Twas just as loud and twice as green.
 This second wearer of these loud hues
 Was the noble Editor of our *Tech News*.

*Flowers***Blackistone**

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Hand and Mind

A magazine published
by the students of the
McKinley Manual
Training School, Wash-
ington, D. C. ✥ ✥

March
MCMXXII

Hand and Mind

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MARCH, 1914

No. 4

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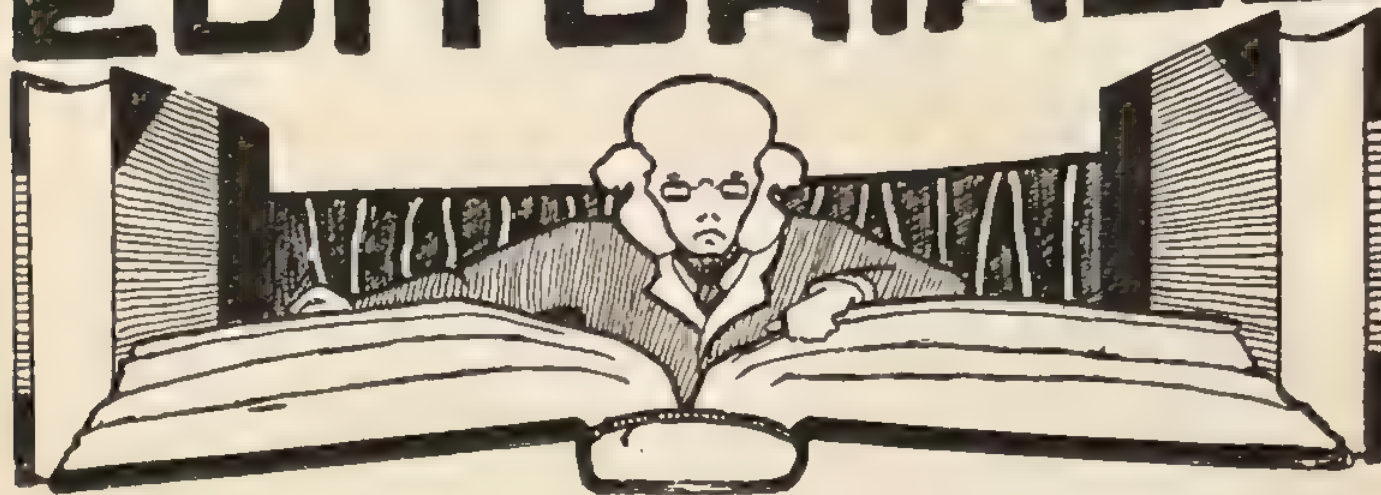
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EDITORIALS



VOL. XI

MARCH, 1914

No. 4

The Importance of Choosing a Profession

We have the welfare of the student body in view when we present articles which will help them in choosing the school activities to which they are best adapted. We are sure that this is true when we present articles which will help them in the preparation of their regular school work. Why, then, should this not be true when we present articles which will help them in fashioning their lives.

We find that the average student thinks very little about choosing a college or profession until he is in his third or fourth year. This is wrong for until that time the student has no definite goal toward which he is working. Then, in his third or fourth year, the student hurriedly selects a profession which he must follow the rest of his life whether he is adapted to it or not. In doing this the student often selects a profession which he thinks will net him the largest gain without taking into consideration the fact that, although there is always room at the top, the bottom is generally overcrowded.

Therefore, it behooves every fellow to think long and earnestly before choosing a profession which needs must stay with him

through this world. Do not choose a profession because it pays a few men big salaries. First, be sure that you like it, then, be sure that you can naturally adapt yourself to it. No matter how much you like it, it would be useless for you to study something you could not learn. For instance, it would be foolish for anyone who had barely passed physics to take up Electrical Engineering.

We have taken all these conditions into consideration in preparing the first of a series of articles on choosing a profession and college appearing on page twenty-seven of this issue of the HAND AND MIND so we hope that all students reading it and all subsequent articles will have a greater insight of professional callings.

The Knockers

How often a student of Tech hears another student complain that a certain group of fellows or girls control this or that school activity. And we know that they make the same statement more often to outsiders thus giving the school a bad reputation. But the worst side is that they are stooping to *lying* for the statement is not true.

Any fellow in the school can break into any school activity if he is capable. All those in authority are glad of assistants who may lighten their work. The group is always made up of the most capable fellows FOR THE POSITIONS and NOT THE POSITIONS FILLED FROM THE GROUP as these maligners would give the student body and friends of Tech to understand. This opinion now prevails to such an extent that many fellows who have aspirations toward school activities do not come out for a trial which they are given to understand will be useless as they do not belong to the bunch which is supposed to control the activity.

The students do not seem to realize that the holders of all positions are under faculty supervision, are appointed by the faculty, and only hold the positions during the pleasure of the faculty. Since this is true it can be plainly seen that the cliques cannot exclude anyone.

At the present time, the HAND AND MIND has great need of several men, who, if they make good, will receive positions on the staff. The work on the staff is not hard if there are enough

to share it but at the present time two or three men are doing all the work while their studies are apt to suffer. Many have formerly had objections to helping because there was no chance for a good time. This is no longer true for the High School Press Club, which has just organized, has already arranged for two social evenings in addition to the regular business meetings at which the various problems confronting the different school papers will be discussed. In this way the work will also be made easier. None but members of the staff will be able to attend these meetings and socials so come help us at once and get on the staff.

The same is true in the other school activities, the fellow who works is sure of a square deal and a good time. You fellows who are really in earnest come on out and do your best. You'll make GOOD.

But for those who simply are offering excuses for not helping Tech out, we advise a little sack cloth in which they can bag their heads so that the Real Techites may have a better chance to bring Tech across the line a Winner.

We also wish to impress upon all students that they will not be discovered unless they come out and show that they are taking a working interest. Also show persistency enough to land the job for you may not get it the first try. As soon as you show that you are worth while you will be given a chance.





AFTER THE PERFORMANCE—
WAITING FOR THE STARS TO
COME OUT



THE DELEGATION FROM ALABAMA
SAILED DOWN CHESAPEAKE BAY!



THERE WAS CLASS TO
COUSIN HEBE



HARLOW BURNSIDE AS DICK DEADEYE



THE CLUTCH WAS THROWN
IN, IN THE LAST ACT

H·H·TELLER

H·M·S· PINAFORE.

Memories

We had taken our fairy queen home from that operatic triumph at the world famous school known as Tech. Now it was not her fault that she lives in Alexandria, but her father's. No, don't get the impression that he keeps a pawn shop. He don't. You see it is this way. We have often vowed that we would go to the ends of the world for her and so we just couldn't get out of it. Well, anyway, we had taken her home and we were returning on our sad way trying to read the latest number of Diamond Dick and think of a chess problem at the same time. Across the aisle our fat friend was reading his evening paper and a messenger boy returning to civilization was trying to make an engine of himself.

Suddenly we heard a far off mumbling and a grumbling and we gradually catch the words, "Do his sisters, and his cousins and his insects. What? Oh, of course, aunts and we are glad that they are not mother-in-laws. After hearing something about the Queen's Navee, we as suddenly find ourselves in the role of Ralph Rackstraw proposing to Josephine. We propose so brilliantly, however, that contrary to the set order of things, Josephine is quite won over to our handsome self, forgets to sing her audacious tar song and is about to fall into our arms. Yes, sir! Just that. Quickly to the seventh heaven of bliss would we be transported. But what is that? - Ah, gentle reader, it is the treacherous Dick Deadeye, who vaguely reminds us of the humpbacked shoe-string man we gave a dime to, to keep our bright eyes from thinking us cheap, who interposes himself, the atrocious thing, and asks for another nickel to buy a glass of *lemonade*.

So disgusted are we at the unhappy turn our affairs have taken that we turn away to watch the wonderful things that the versatile Entertainment Committee, all to please the Admiral, presents to our astonished and delighted gaze. After all-to-short a period, darkness comes on and we seem to see the ancient side-wheeler Pocahontas, which has grown wings in a most inexplicable manner, leaving the arsenal, or is it the national guard armory, for its customary

BEHIND THE SCENES AT PINAFORE



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ANY DAN ON THE DANCING
BEHIND THE SCENES



THERE
WAS SOME GAMBLING
IN THE LIBRARY.



THIS ISN'T A FIGHT - IT IS
MERELY THE MAKE-UP MAN AT WORK.



NO - IT ISN'T WHISKEY,
HE'S JUST GARGLING SOME
SALT WATER.



GUREVICH HAD TO BE LACED IN.



SIR JOSEPH
"LOST HIS DIGNITY"
ALONG WITH ALL
OF THE REST

H·H·TELLER·

HAND AND MIND

moonlight trip to Indian Head. Suddenly everything becomes confused: a multitude of people rush in and we find ourselves once more in the enviable position of the hero. Someone asserts that things are seldom what they seem, to which some other person answers in a peevish tone from the midst of the chaos, "Everyone is well aware of the fact."

In the near distance we see a familiar figure with arms waving, a great way off, and from one of those appendages is suspended a short, white wand. Surmounting this mysterious figure, we get a glance of a pointed Van-Dyke, surmounted by as pointed a moustache. "Gracious, what's that? Such a horrible noise." 'Tis followed by—"Nothing." (In a deep, a silent tone.) Then a villainous determined voice lays the blame on the cat. The noise is repeated and seems to issue from the gilded tin bell. Impossible! Ah, fie! We would certainly expect a more sonorous note from a bell of that size. The noise becomes more and more disturbing, the scene slowly fades from our view, in spite of our righteous determination to kiss the heroine and assertions as to our nationality.

"Shades of the Admiral and his female relatives," we shout. Then as a light begins to dawn we deliver with a disgusted emphasis these noble words, "Confound the inventor and all his infernal machines," and mentally condemn all alarm clocks to a fate unprintable. The particular object of our condemnation, we hastily chuck under the bed clothes and turn over until we are permanently awakened by something too large to treat in the same manner. But no, we are again mistaken. A raucous voice bawls, "All out, end of line," and the motorman's gong stops its insistent racket and we slowly open our eyes to see the fat man lazily waddle out of the door.



Uncle Looie Says:

You stand as much chance of getting ammonia from a chloride and lime as you do of getting beauty from these new colored wigs I see advertised.

A great many people are not so smart as they are conceited. As Shakespeare said, "You must be cruel to be kind."

The greatest quality is to be able to appear interested in a lengthy discourse which bores you.

Nobody with a mustache should be allowed to use the drinking fountains. (We venture that he does not include Alexis Many.)

All great forces are silent forces. (That's why Wilson says nothing when asked to recite.)

The trouble with most young people is that they won't take advice until they experience its necessity.

AN EDITOR'S WORRY.

Why do the jokes in the class rooms seem so much funnier than when printed.

OH! YOU GUS

The human adding machine, general catalog and human directory, Gas-house-Gus-Bittner attempted to add another accomplishment to his lengthy list by running the Spot-light for the Tuesday evening performance of Pinafore. He nearly wrecked the show. No offense Gus.

BURNSIDE'S LATEST.

What did Io die of?

Io died of Potassium, of course

Who's Who and Why at Tech

Even the freshest February Freshman knows the most popular teacher at Tech and no one but the Principal has as much influence over the student body as he. Ever since he left that dingy institution of learning at Seventh and O Streets in 1901 and came to Tech to turn out expert Chemists, he has been making history for McKinley Manual Training School.



Since first coming to Tech., Uncle Looie has always done his best to boost all the school activities, all the time. It was he who inspired the Art Department to design the present emblem which is given to all our athletes. For several years he was Tech.'s able athletic adviser and president of the Athletic Association and would probably still hold both positions if he had not resigned and signified that it would be impossible for him to take up the work of either position again. It

was with great unwillingness that his resignation was accepted.

His interest in Tech's activities has not diminished, however, and when good sound advice or a cheering word is needed to spur our teams to victory, Uncle Looie is always on the side lines ready to do his best for Tech. It has been ever so, and there are hundreds of the alumni who revere Louis W. Mattern for his fatherly interest in the welfare of Tech.

Greetings from Mr. Thurston



WASHINGTON, D. C., *March 3, 1914.*

Mr. Bertram Y. Kinzey,
THE HAND AND MIND,
McKinley M. T. School.

MY DEAR MR. KINZEY: A few nights ago, when at the McKinley School, I was presented with a copy of HAND AND MIND containing a very friendly greeting from Tech to the new superintendent. May I express to you, and to the student body you represent, my sincere appreciation of the good wishes and congratulations so kindly expressed. I have a very warm, friendly feeling for you all, and I find myself very much "at home" when I come to the school. It gives me special pleasure, therefore, to be able to feel your genuine good will toward me.

Sincerely yours,

ERNEST L. THURSTON,
Superintendent of Schools.



The Prize Essay

Once more an Inter-High School competition has been decided, Again Tech has come forth victorious. In the prize competition held by the Sons of the American Revolution on "The Most Important Event of the Revolution," Clarence J. Rammling of A-8 was the winner.



—Courtesy of the Washington Times

The winner of this and similar essays is probably the greatest individual star in the Washington High Schools and the students of McKinley Manual Training School may feel justly proud that this honor has once more come to Tech. If any of our readers were at the National Theater on George Washington's birthday, I am sure that their chests swelled several inches when it was announced that the gold medal would be presented to Clarence J. Rammling of McKinley Manual Training School.

I also believe that all will agree with me when I compliment Mr. Rammling for the creditable way in which he acquitted himself when called upon to read the essay. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we print the winning essay in full.

THE GREATEST EVENT OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The greatest and most important event of the American Revolution was the event that changed the purpose of the American combatants from a regaining of rights as subjects of the English monarch to a gaining of absolute liberty and independence; and changed a defensive war, a war for the redress of wrongs, into a war for the establishment of a separate government.

The declaration of the independence of the United Colonies was, by far, the most notable and momentous event of the struggle, for it gave the American soldiers and the American statesmen a purpose that was the incentive for all the great deeds which served to establish this nation.

It is true that the glorious deeds of Washington's ragged heroes are worthy of undying praise; it is true that the defeat of the British General, Burgoyne, at Saratoga was the most decisive battle of the war; but, what was the spirit that enabled the American soldiers to face untold dangers, and gladly to endure terrible hardships?

Was it a desire for fame and glory that constrained them; or, was the mere lust for battle their motive? It was neither; it was the knowledge that they were fighting for their liberty and for the liberty of their posterity that gave them their courage and fortitude.

An example of this fact is found in a letter of Joseph Barton of Delaware, to Wisner, his cousin, on the ninth of July. A part of this letter reads as follows:

"It gives a great turn to the minds of our people declaring our independence. Now we know what to depend on. For my part, I have been at a great stand: I could hardly own the King and fight against him at the same time. But now these matters are cleared up. Heart and hand shall move together. I don't think there will be five Tories in our part of the country in ten days after matters are well known. We have had great numbers who would do nothing until we were declared a free State, who now are ready to spend their lives and fortunes in defense of our country."

Surely, no document could express more eloquently the general opinion of the public at that time, toward the Declaration of Independence.

And now, let us take a view of the circumstances and conditions that surrounded the adoption of the Magna Charta of the New World.

In retrospection, let us return to the old city of Philadelphia, as it was nearly one hundred and forty years ago. Let us enter the old State House and observe the gathering of men, who are about to perform a deed that shall be "heard 'round the world,"

and win for them an undying fame in the history of a new nation.

Standing before the assembly, is the President or Chairman, John Hancock, and before him, on the table, lies the paper, destined to become one of the notable documents of the world.

But, in order to grasp more completely the situation, let us go back nearly a month, to June the seventh, when certain resolutions were offered to the Congress. These resolutions were:

Resolved, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.

That it is expedient forthwith to take the most effectual measures for forming foreign alliances.

That a plan of confederation be prepared and transmitted to the respective Colonies for their consideration and approbation.

These resolutions were offered by Richard Henry Lee and seconded by John Adams.

Since that day, this able body of statesmen has been considering carefully these resolutions, and they have been adopted.

Thomas Jefferson, the young statesman with a reputation for wielding a masterly pen, has been appointed to draft a formal declaration.

Now the document is completed and the moment has come for these men, representatives of nearly three million people, to adopt it.

The president rises. He puts the question. The Declaration of Independence has been adopted, and the thirteen Colonies are Colonies no longer, but, "Free and Independent States."

One more step remains. It is the authentication of the paper. With a firm, untrembling hand, the president executes his signature under the last word, and, as he finishes, the great bell in the tower of the State House, now Independence Hall, peals forth its joyous message to a new-born nation.

Now is the time to

"Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,

And leave your wonted labors for this day;

This day is holy, doe ye write it downe,

That ye for ever it remember may."

for the greatest event of American history has occurred, and the nation, of which we are so justly proud, is born.

Autos

ANNIE MITCHELL, A6.

(With Apologies to Sir Francis Bacon.)

Autos serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. They serve for delight when the new owner prepares for his first ride; for ornament, when shown in the store windows; for ability (to get out of order), at all times, but most especially at night, when far from home. To spend too much time on an auto is folly (though necessary folly); to bore one's friends by talking of one, is affectation; to put trust in one is a mistake made only once. Autos are like babies, that do ever refuse to behave properly before friends. Crafty men who do not own an auto, speak slightly of them; simple men long for them; the friends of the owners enjoy them. As every bodily ill may be remedied by some kind of exercise, so every defect of the mind may be remedied by running an auto. So if a man be forgetful, let him run an auto; for if he leave the spark turned on when cranking it, his sprained or broken arm will be a gentle reminder of his folly for some time. Again, if he be proud, let him run an auto; for sooner or later, he will have to be towed through the streets. If he be not patient, let him practice changing a tire on some street where small boys abound. So every defect of the mind may be cured by running an auto.

In one of the Army posts a young Lieutenant's wife was to have a call from the Colonel's wife. She carefully instructed five-year-old Bobby to be very nice to her visitor's little girl. During the conversation Bobby's mother was loving the little girl and Bobby was eyeing her enviously. Finally the visitor asked Bobby if he wanted his mother to adopt the little girl.

Now Bobby did not know just what to say, so bearing his instructions in mind said, "Will it make any difference in the Commissary?"

WHAT THE FAIR ONES HAVE TO ENDURE.



A Modern Lochinvar

BY D. F. DEIKE, G1.

When youg Lochinvar rode out from the west
He claimed that his car was the fastest and best;
It was painted dark blue and it brilliantly shone,
He went like a streak and he rode all alone.
He shot over rocks with a jump and a jar,
And people flew madly from gay Lochinvar.

With a whirl of his wheels and a hum of his cogs,
He knocked down the dogs and ran over the hogs;
He frightened the horses and laughed at their pranks,
And men who got angry he looked on as cranks.
Pushed he the crank to the last notch on the bar,
And a cloud of dust followed gay Lochinvar.

He stayed not for bridge and stopped not for stone,
He claimed all the highway as being his own;
'Till he came to a crossing and smashed through a gate
And endeavored to butt through a train-load of freight.
They searched and at last lying under the car,
They found a few pieces of bright Lochinvar.

I should worry and lose my shape, says Skinny Nash.

IN A-8 ENGLISH.

Miss Christiansen—"What is the age of Elizabeth, Mr. North-up."

Cotton (dreamily)—"Just sixteen."

Agriculture

All those who attended the foot ball supper heard Vice-President Daniel of the Board of Education say that the two coming professions would be school teaching and Agriculture. As he developed the advantages of a school teacher's career fully, we will treat only with the pursuit of Scientific Agriculture.

We fear that many of the young men, today, think that Scientific Agriculture is a new fad. Such is not the case, however, for Agriculture was the first profession ever followed by men. In the early ages, husbandmen controlled the destinies of the world and, in our opinion, the same will be true in this country. There is one fact which we are apt to forget, "The world must eat."

Upon the stalwart plowmen, the ownership of many lands has depended. Think of David, that shepherd who became King of Israel; of Alexander the Great, who was brought up in the mountains of Macedonia; of Napoleon and many others who grew strong in following life in the open. In our own country we have Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, all children of the great outdoors. Of course we do not offer you their great successes, but use them as illustrations of what the soil has produced.

When husbandry declined in Ancient Rome, Rome herself declined. So it will be in this country if the intelligent young men of the United States do not return to the farms. Upon the Country Gentleman depends the future happiness and prosperity of "Our Own Beloved Country."

Plato, the philosopher of Ancient Rome, was the first man to leave any writing on intensified Agriculture, and his views have been communicated and added to during the past centuries. In his letter on education, John Milton emphasized the need of educated farmers in Old England at that time. Another proof that Agriculture has always been the most important industry of the world.

The first free Agricultural school was established in Switzerland in 1857. This school had existed since 1723 but had not been free until the date mentioned. The next free school was established in the United States in the late nineties. England as yet, has no

free Agricultural schools. The United States has free Agricultural colleges in most of the States of the Union. Surely, if so much money is spent on maintaining these schools, they must be turning out men who are a benefit to the country. Why, therefore, should the students of the McKinley Manual Training School not think long and seriously before they pass by the Golden Opportunity which lies before them.

We have anticipated many objections to a life in the country and we have tried to answer the main questions in the following paragraphs:

The first cry we hear, is "A fellow without any capital has no chance to make good."

The reverse is generally true for the fellow with capital is too sure of himself and often runs into trouble which the man without money must necessarily avoid. We will cite an abstract case which is a combination of the many letters which we received from the Agricultural colleges we wrote to for information concerning the employment of graduates.

Any boy who is willing to work reasonably hard at college, can secure a position as farm manager upon graduation which will pay him at least eight hundred dollars and keep per year, but more often twelve to fifteen hundred dollars. Any conscientious young man who wishes can save all of his salary but three hundred dollars per year without stinting himself unnecessarily.

After five years, at the most, he can start out for himself on his savings. There are abandoned farms in every state in the Union which have been run down through the misuse of the ignorant, uneducated farmer who is fast losing his place in the community. These farms, which may be purchased far below their real value, can soon be made to produce double crops by the application of the latest scientific methods. Thus the Agriculturist passes from boy of moderate means to a landed Country Gentleman. What more can man desire? The farmer is figuratively Monarch of all he surveys.

The next objection, most boys have, is the length of the working day. This is, of course, true in the summer when the farmer must turn out at four a. m., and keep moving until seven in the evening. The farmer can, however, take a two or three-hour rest

in the middle of the day to read his paper, delivered by the rural free delivery, and eat his dinner. Then in the fall and winter, he can attend the Grange meetings, and have pleasure of different kinds. We are afraid that most young men think of a farm as a lot of ground at the end of nowhere. The opposite is true, however, for the extensive truck farmer near the large city is the most successful today. This man can run into the city any time during the fall and winter without endangering his business. There is also plenty of time during the long winter evenings for reading of various kinds. We believe that this clearly shows that the farmer's life is not really as hard as it has often been painted.

The next kick, we hear, is against the heavy work. We immediately reply that, with all the recent improvements in farm equipment, there is no reason why the farmer should be overworked. There are power plows, cultivators, churns, threshers, mowers, hay loaders, pitch forks, etc. With all these labor saving devices, the work of the Country Gentleman is reduced to a minimum. We admit that the old farmer's boy was greatly abused by overwork because the stupid farmer refused to expend any money for new and up-to-date equipment. This is not true today, however, as we have already shown.

Now we come to the benefits of Country Life. The greatest benefit is health, coupled with being your own boss and the pleasure of plenty of fresh food. The Scientific Agriculturist of today has his house equipped as completely as that of his city brother. Because of the installation of these conveniences, the Country Home is far ahead of city in sanitation and health.

Now, GIRLS, just a few words to you. These farmers must have wives to help them run their dominions. Therefore, why not take a course in home economics in order to better fit yourselves to be real wives and helpmeets? The colleges mentioned below have fine courses in Home Economics which require the same entrance subjects as the Agricultural Courses.

The life of the farmer's wife has been considered hard and unsatisfying. But the girls of today, educated in domestic economy and art, with the same scientific intelligence used by their husbands in making the farm easy and enjoyable, are working out methods of home keeping and attractions to servants in the farm

house, which make life on the farm with auto, phone, and rural mail service as happy as it is healthful and wholesome.

In compiling the following facts regarding the different colleges, we have considered both the best and most economical colleges to attend.

The New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University is considered the finest of its kind in the world so we will take up its requirements and expenses first.

For entrance a student must have:

Four years of English.

Two years of Mathematics.

Three years of German.

One year of History.

Six Electives from the following:

One or two years of French, one or two additional Histories, Solid Geometry and Trigonometry. Shop Work, Drawing, Physics, Chemistry, Biology and advanced Algebra ($\frac{1}{2}$).

When a candidate for entrance has over fifteen points, advance credit is often given in shop work and drawing. Another advantage offered is entrance on certificate without the necessity of taking the entrance examinations.

The tuition is \$125 per year. When living expenses, books, etc., are added to this the cost at Cornell is approximately \$350 yearly. We realize that this is rather high, but the course is considered the best in the United States and worth working hard to obtain.

Another of the great American Agricultural Colleges is that of the State of Michigan at East Lansing. The entrance requirements and cost of the course are much less at Michigan than at Cornell while it ranks almost as high.

The requirements are:—

Three years English.

One year Physics.

Elementary and Advanced Algebra.

Plane and Solid Geometry.

Eight Points made up of the following:

Fourth English, Trigonometry ($\frac{1}{2}$), 1, 2. or 3 History, 2 French.

2 or 3 German, Chemistry, Free Drawing (1). Manual Training or Domestic Art and Science (1 or 2.)

Entrance to Michigan Agriculture may be obtained by certificate from Tech. Advanced credit may also be obtained.

The tuition at Michigan is only \$15 yearly and any student can get along very nicely with \$250 per year.

Wisconsin ranks with Michigan and her course and equipment are very fine. The entrance requirements at Wisconsin are very similar to Michigan:

Two years English.

Two years Mathematics.

Two years French or German.

Eight chosen from the following:

Three and four English, Solid Geometry ($\frac{1}{2}$), Trigonometry ($\frac{1}{2}$), Advanced Algebra ($\frac{1}{2}$), 3 and 4 German, 1 and 2 French, 1, 2, or 3 Histories, Chemistry, Physics, Shop Work, Domestic Science and Drawing. Credit can be obtained for advanced work on an excess of these subjects.

The tuition is approximately \$50 per semester or \$100 per year. This makes the expenses \$300 yearly.

Although we haven't the requirements of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural College on hand, we know that they are similar to the colleges stated. Free tuition is given to all students and it is possible for a fellow to get along on \$250 yearly.

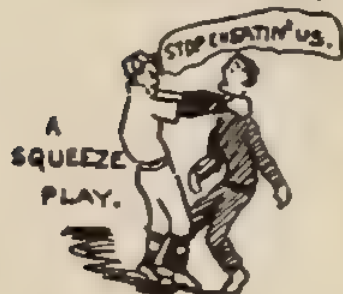
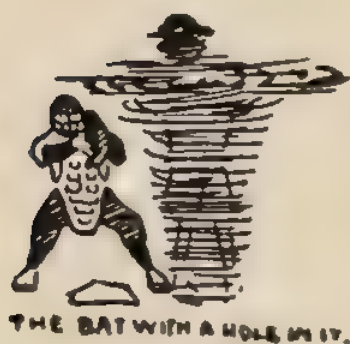
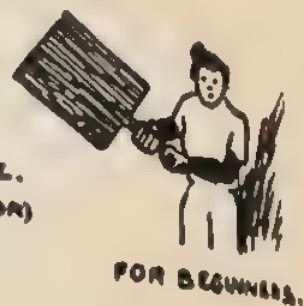
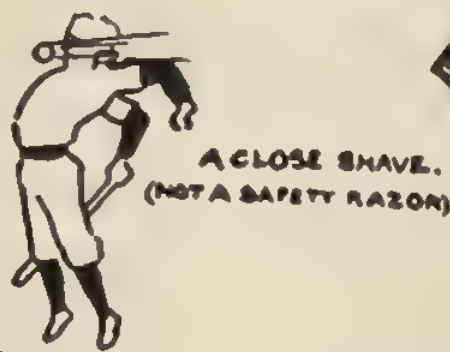
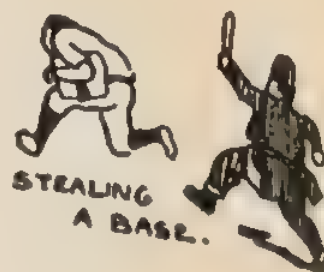
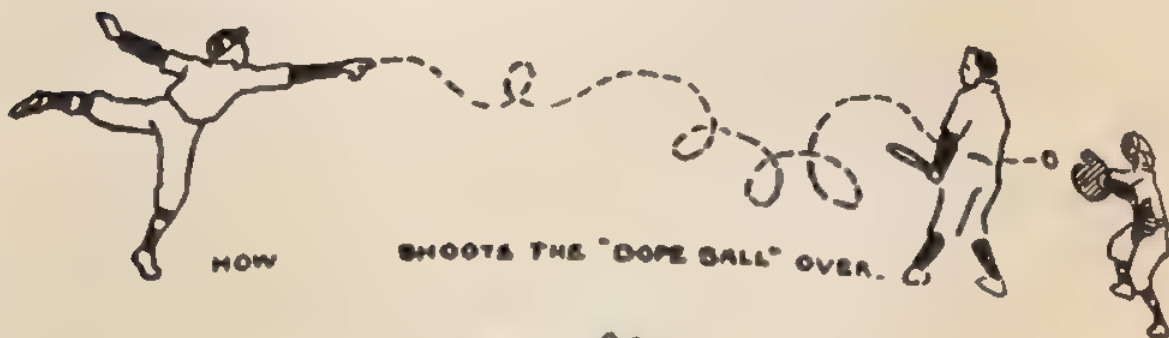
The course of the Maryland Aggie is very good and a fellow studying there can commute daily.

Think it over fellows, and GIRLS too, and we are sure that you will see the advantages of a life in the country.



BACK TO THE SOIL.

DOIN'S ON THE DIAMOND.



T.K.Q.

Agora

'Twas a beastly night old chap, don't you know, but the members of our illustrious debating society turned out in full force, and those whose tender feelings precluded them from braving the inclement elements, certainly missed it, for the Agora social was no back number. We might blame the Physics Department; they get a weather report every day, but everyone had such an enjoyable evening that it would spoil it all to do anything rash or reckless.

To the committee, Miss Edwards, Miss Gove and Miss Allen, all due expressions of gratitude should be tendered.

The Society is deeply indebted to Mr. Cleveland for his gracious hospitality in allowing his house to be the scene of action of the evening's doings.

All the guests had not arrived but a circle was made and an exciting game of "Hunt the Ring" was started. All late arrivals were introduced around the circle and they took their places and turns at playing the "goat" just as was expected of them.

After the guests tired of this, chairs were lined up, in two rooms, and everyone played "Going to Jerusalem." There was such a crowd that at times the contest grew quite thrilling. Miss Hamilton won in one group and in the other a tie was proclaimed.

Suddenly a shrill whistle smote the noisy air, talking ceased, and the feature of the evening was presented to the admiring gaze of the multitude. It was nothing less than a Chew-the-rag contest, a gab-fest or anything else you choose to call it. The cutest little mallets, *gravelts* the Committee called them, were distributed. They were made out of gray paper and on the handle of them, in a mixture of red and black ink, supposed to have been maroon, was printed the mystic word AGORA. To this artistic triumph was attached a dinkey little red pencil. The idea of all this was a quiet little game of conversations, just so! However there was not much quiet about it when everyone got to conversationing. There were ten subjects to talk on, and you went around and filled out your programs for the talks, just as you would a dance card. All very nice where you could get a girl to talk to, but there were not enough girls to go around and the boys had to double up, much to their chagrin.

The first subject was the two sinister words "Spring Halls." Many wonderful and marvelous theories were aired upon the proper form of head-dress for both sexes and in a short while the three minute period was up. The subjects alternated, humorous and serious ones, but we will skip the serious ones as being necessary evils.

The next topic for conversation was "What is a Chicken?" It was finally decided that there were two kinds—Country and F Street. The latter seemed to be the most popular, with the masculine portion of the crowd, anyway. "Spoonistis in the Corridors of Tech." Shocked are you. No such disease? Well, I admit that we have not witnessed any public demonstrations but for some mysterious reason plenty was found to talk about.

Such a gossiping crowd? "Hobbies of the Faculty." Utter it in accents sweet but say it softly. Miss Marsh was among those present. Although one heard faint rumors of infatuations on the third floor and similar foolish things, no scandal really ventured forth to meet the cruel gaze of public opinion. And now the ten talkistes were finished, everyone being hoarse, so votes were cast each boy voting for a girl and each girl for a boy. Miss Birdsell received first honors and with it a box of three "*hanks*." One was just plain white and one was pink and the other blue. The colored ones have wavy lines running around the borders and just wait until Miss Birdsell flashes one of them on the dumbfounded student body of Tech. Of the boys, Honorable Waverly (Zach) Taylor carried off the cash. We cast no aspersions on the character of anyone, not even the sinister color of his prize, but, it was a necktie in which the predominating color was *Green*.

Miss Edwards, and the largest member of the Agora, excluding none, Freshie West received second honors. Each got a stick of candy sweetly reposing in an orange. Miss Edwards proceeded to go around and let everyone sample her useful present. She truly was a *shero* (?) for she saved many from starvation (?) by that act of kindness. The innocent little Freshie took his orange, or what remained of it home, while Miss Edwards ate her candy and bestowed the deceased remains of her citron on the Cub-reporter of the *News*.

Refreshments? Who said that? Oh, joyful words and there were two kinds of ice cream and twice candy and double of

cake, topped off with *aqua pura*. Indeed a feast for a king. Silence reigned supreme for a few minutes; everyone was busy. Then under the personal direction of Mr. Loeffler a few charming musical selections were rendered by the Phoney Graph.

At great expense and risk of life we have obtained a piece of the skin of Miss Edwards' Orange. No one as we know tried to take his wife home any ice cream in his hat, but certain people that we do know of put some candy in their pockets. To the beautiful strains of the canned Music certain members of the company danced. Miss Farrar illustrated what she calls the Maxixie. It was promptly renamed the Chinese knock-kneed-bow-legged-pidgeon-toed twist. It well deserved the title.

Mr. Clarence J. Rammling officiated as cub-reporter for the *News*. The representative of the HAND AND MIND had to lend him copy paper and pencil. He was escorted by his editor to see that he made no mistakes. Thirty members and guests were present.

Who said the Agora was backward? If the Social was an unusual innovation something is going to happen that will have the Social beat for innovating. It is nothing more nor less than the giving of a gold medal to the best debater in the Society. It isn't going to be any near gold medal either, but the genuine article. Only present members of the Agora are eligible. Each contestant must debate twice and the one having the highest percentage, said percentage being decided by the board of judges, will get the prize. Members must debate in their turn, as decided by the roll book and any members refusing to debate at the specified time shall be ineligible.

These rules have not been passed on officially at this writing, but as far as we know they are all right.

STEVENS HUGHES, '17.

Cleveland has one putrid joke which he insists on inflicting upon every one every time he sees him. therefore we print it so that he may die happy.

"An Englishman and an American were discussing flowers.

Said the Englishman, "We have a rose called the Derby rose that you can smell six feet.

Answered the American, "Oh, that's nothing, we have a rose known as the negroes which you can smell two blocks off."

Rifle Club

A. O. RIDGELY, '15.

Since the beginning of this semester, the Rifle Club has shown a marked improvement. Although we lost our first match against Deering, Me. (957-916), and our fifth one against Iowa City, the United States champions (947-927), we won from the Technical High School, Springfield, Mass. (937-885), Portland, Me., a coached by an expert (940-934), De Witt Clinton High School, N. Y. City (936-852), Stuyvesant High School, N. Y. City (934-833), and the Baltimore Polytechnical High School (952-944). In the match Tech made a score higher than has ever been made in the Washington High Schools.

The most encouraging fact in this match is that Miss Alva Stites, our girl crack shot, made a remarkable score and won fourth place on the team. Our captain, Percy Gibson, fell down on the match but made the team on 91 standing and 100 prone. A. E. Sutfin led the team with 96 standing and 99 prone, one of the record scores of Tech. Our friends from Business are still in the League, they have won one match and lost five. Their high score so far is 909. Eastern and Western, who are in the same class as Business (class B), are doing very well. Eastern has won two and lost four matches, and Western has won three and lost three. This indicates that we will surely win the team match in the Spring Rifle Meet.

Our new plan of having the Cadets practice on Tuesday and the other club members on Friday, has proved very successful. If the Cadets continue their present records, we will stand a good show in making a grand sweep in the Spring Meet, which is not far off.

Hereafter any member having an accidental discharge, or who shoots on another's target, will have to stop practice for that day. This is expected to prevent carelessness and weed out bum shots.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who have opened a new second-hand store, have cast off clothing and are now ready for the inspection of the public.

An Experiment in Wireless on Railroad Trains

F. W. LOEFFLER, A7.

The utility of the wireless telegraph in directing the movements of ships at sea, and in calling for help in emergencies has been demonstrated; but it remained for an enterprising American railroad to apply wireless communication to and from moving trains. A test recently conducted by the Lackawanna Railroad, on a regular express train running between New York City and Buffalo, has shown immense possibilities of timesaving and of safety by insuring that trains will always be in communication at any speed and at any distance from stations, regardless of fog which obscures signals, or line breaks from washouts or winter blizzards, or any other conditions. In the ordinary wireless telegraph system messages are sent and received between stations equipped with aerials generally supported on high towers. It is, of course, out of the question to place a structure such as an aerial on a railroad train which has to pass under bridges or through tunnels, and a prominent feature of these tests is the use of a special aerial for train installation. The arrangement used consists of four quadrangular aerials mounted on the roofs of four adjoining cars of the train, and only sixteen inches above same. Each quadrangle is connected from one car to the other by a special attaching plug. The operator's station is installed in a booth in the third car of the group, so as to bring the lead from his apparatus to the aerial at a point near the middle of same. The power is furnished by a special motor-generator set driven from the regular train-lighting dynamo, and the ground connection is made to the rails by a wire to one of the car trucks. The aerial is of heavy copper wire, and is insulated for the high sending voltage by large porcelain insulators mounted on iron posts at the corners of the car. The accompanying drawing shows the aerial supported above two of the cars and also how the aerial is connected between the cars. The special usefulness of the system was indicated one day when the conductor of the train was taken ill, while his train was running at high speed, westbound. The next station at which a

relief conductor could be obtained was Scranton, forty miles away. Ordinarily a delay would have been unavoidable—either a stop to send a telegram asking for a relief conductor or a wait at Scranton after arrival at that point. But the wireless telegraph was brought into use and there was no need to take either of these measures. Instead, the conductor notified the wireless operator



on the train and the latter sent a message direct to Scranton, with the result that a relief conductor was on hand to take charge when the train pulled in. In the same way an extra Pullman car, needed to provide accommodations for an unusual crowd, was ordered to be in readiness to be coupled on, thus eliminating the delay that would ordinarily have been experienced in getting the car up from the yard. A demonstration that the wireless telegraph can be depended upon for unfailing communication between running trains and fixed stations and between the trains themselves may mean a revolution in the operation of trains comparable to that which followed the introduction of the ordinary wire telegraph for this purpose.



Military - - Notes



F. W. WALTER.

Tech has this year as fine a set of officers as it ever had before. The first honors of the year were the appointments of Edward S. Fox as Lieutenant Colonel, Leonard Sargeant, Major of the 3rd Battalion and Francis W. Walter Regimental Quartermaster. The hope of everyone is that with the splendid corps of officers, the third battalion of 1913-14 will not only be the best in the Regiment, but the best Tech has ever had.

The officers, however, cannot make a fine battalion, and good companies without the support of the men. The small number of men who enlisted in the fall made it impossible to form large companies, but the spirit shown by the February Freshmen shows that there is a determination on the part of everyone that next May it shall be a company of the third battalion which will capture the flag.

The men this year have worked hard and the companies have made an excellent start in mastering the essentials of the drill. Keep it up! Now, that the days are crisp and cool, is the time to master the details of the drill that will steady a company, and develop it into a perfect military organization which is needed to win the Competitive Drill.

One of the most pleasing things to note is the absence of "kidding" in the companies. If there is one thing that will break up a company it is "kidding." The number of absences this year has been very few. Do not forget, Cadets, that every time you are absent you leave a blank file. You lose by not being there to learn and perfect the movements, and the squad loses by being forced to drill, not as a unit, but as a broken quantity.

The worst way in which you can hinder the progress of your company is by skipping drill. You not only lose a whole point from your rating, but also disarrange your company so it can not drill perfectly. In your first and second year you do not understand the importance of one point for your drill average. You don't seem to realize that in your fourth year a few tenths of a point may make you a first lieutenant instead of a captain. Remember then, when you skip drill that in the days to come it will be the boys with the most points who secure the captaincies.

The following Battalion officers were appointed:

Major—Lieut. Jesse E. Porter, Battalion Adjutant.

Officers of Company C—Captain, Simon Wasserman.

First Lieut., Carl H. Ries; Second Lieut., William E. Lange.

Officers of Company D—Captain, George L. Haines.

First Lieut., Lionel R. Fiedler; Second Lieut., Norman R.

Speiden.

Officers of Company K—Captain, Hugh J. Phillips.

First Lieut., Charles W. Herbert; Second Lieut., Elmer H. Krehbiel.

The school greatly regrets the absence of Major Leonard Sargeant, who graduated in February, but we feel that his successor is bound to fill his position in the way which all Tech officers have.

This year is the first one in which the Cadets have had a new line of work to accomplish. The recent addition of Butt's Manual, that is, exercise to be done with the rifle, and extended order, or the way maneuvers are carried out in time of war, have added to the delight of each man because of his desire to become familiar with more practical military training. Although many of the principles of the new drills are dissimilar from previous training, and therefore so much more difficult to be mastered by both the instructors and the instructed, the Cadets are grasping the situation with the proper spirit. The last few drill days have been so stormy that it has forced the companies to drill in the corridors. This gives the companies a chance to perfect the Manual of Arms, which is very important.

Now, men, it is up to you. Drill as you have never drilled before. Drill with the determination that Tech is going to have the flag again, and that you are going to do your best to help win it. If each Cadet does this I am sure we will have the banner at our door next May.



SENIORS.

The members of the senior class are working overtime so that the class of 1914 may surpass any which has ever left the renowned halls of Tech. Truly, such an extraordinary class has never been known. The majority of the members have even been so rash as to look for the treasurer to pay their dues while the reverse has always been the case heretofore. The class is also attempting another epoch making precedent. That of wearing caps and gowns on Graduation. Surely they may have the outward appearance on that occasion of being dignified although the opposite may be true. Another precedent which the venerable seniors are losing sleep to establish is that of publishing a Year Book.

We are very sorry to state that the seventh semester class seems to lack that valuable asset, "PEP" which is so desired at our institution of learning. As yet no definite steps have been taken by them to organize and prepare for their graduation.

JUNIORS.

The Junior Class has displayed an unusual quantity of spizzer-inktum in organizing their class which gives every evidence of being larger than any that has ever bidden farewell to the portals of Tech. They have already arranged for a social evening which promises to be a real Tech success.

Although the fifth semester class has not been allowed to organize as yet, we know they are striving valiently for the glory and honor of our Alma Mater.

SOPHOMORES.

Our dignified Freshmen, commonly complimented by the name of Sophomores, are really well meaning fellows and it would not surprise us to have several of them win renown through their aid in bringing victory to Tech.

FRESHMEN.

It gives us the greatest pleasure to notice the celerity with which the Freshmen have started to boost the school activities. The majority of the first and second semester sections have already subscribed for the Year Book and the rest are fast getting in line. Another glad sight which has greeted our eyes is the great number of February Freshmen who have enlisted in the cadets. It certainly looks like four companies for Tech next year. Keep it up Freshmen, you are showing the real Tech Spirit.

The Need of a High School Print Shop

As the members of the staff of the HAND AND MIND, we see more and more the need of a course in newspaper work in the Washington High Schools. This course should include type-setting, and press work as well as editing and managing.

We have found that of the various and diversified professions followed by the graduates of Tech the newspaper career claims a considerable percent. Certainly, a course in newspaper work would greatly aid these men to secure better positions than they otherwise would. But, besides being a great help to the students following it, the course would also be a great economical benefit to the Board of Education.

At the present we understand that the Board spends approximately \$6,000 per year for printing. About four thousand dollars of this money could be saved the tax-payers of the District if the printing was done by the students in the schools. Surely, this should have weight with the Printing Committee of the Board of Education. Then, jobs could be rushed through for them by the schools much faster than they could be done by a regular printer.

The course would also be a great benefit to the school papers

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for they could do their own printing thus saving all expense but the cost of paper and cuts which would lower the cost of producing the papers at least seventy-five per cent. With this aid the papers could do away with advertising if advisable and publish the magazines much more easily. If the course was only instituted in one High School, we are sure that suitable arrangements could be made for the printing of the other High Schools' papers.

The printing establishment would also be of great benefit to all other school activities as well as in a financial way.

At all schools, a large amount of money is spent each year for printing tickets, programmes, etc. At least seventy-five per cent of the money expended in this way by the various school activities could be saved thus leaving a larger amount of money to support the teams, and societies. This would prevent the organizations from bankruptcy as happens so frequently at present.

We might suggest at this time that the course be given eight hours per week as a major subject or four hours as a minor subject. In this way the editors and business managers would receive a major credit for the work they do. The standard of the magazines would also be improved for the instructor in charge of the course would be better able to help in its preparation than can be done by the faculty advisors at present, because of a larger knowledge of the work.

The salary of the instructor would be a very small item when compared with the saving entailed. We would, therefore, recommend that the Board of Education give this matter their consideration before adding equipment to any of the District High Schools as the most needed equipment at present is a printing shop which would cost from three to five thousand dollars. B. Y. K.

IN A-8 HISTORY.

Miss Marsh—"Were there two Peters the Great?"

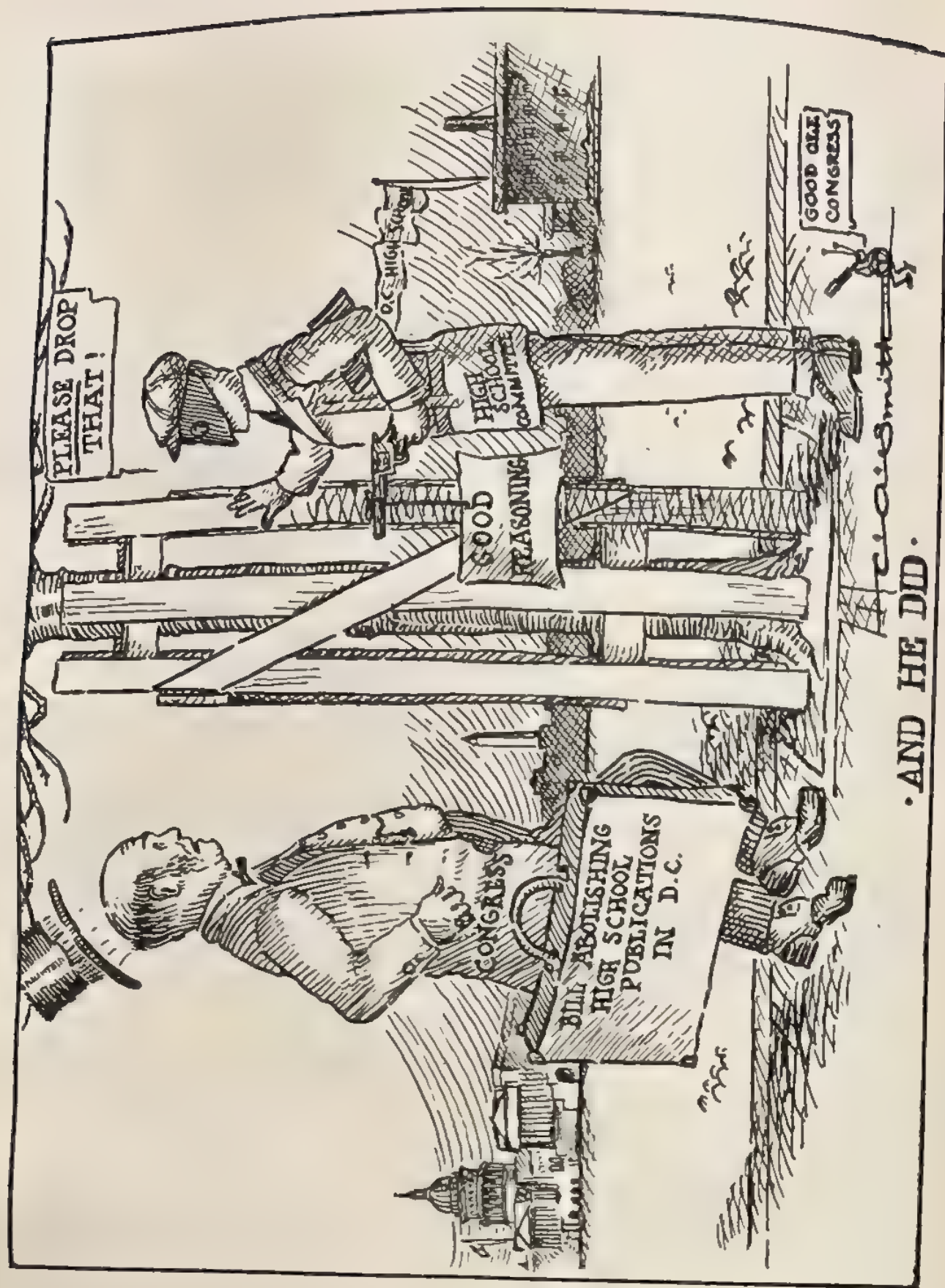
Thrall—"No, that's a case where history did not re-Pete itself."

IN A-8 FRENCH.

Kinzey was pondering over the word *harassait* meaning worry.

Miss Maret said, "Mr. Kinzey, that word means what you are doing."

Kinzey (innocently)—"He bluffed—"



AND HE DID.



While the exchange columns are primarily written for the benefit of other magazines, they should, nevertheless, be read by the students. The exchange editor has attempted to take particular note of what is going on in the other schools which is of interest to Tech. Anyone desiring the exchange magazines to look over can obtain them by making out a slip on which is his name, section, and the name of the magazine, and putting it in the Exchange Box in the office.

The *Acropolis*—Barringer H. S., Newark, N. J.

The *Alumni Record*—The Central H. S. Alumni Association.

The *Beacon*—Western High School, Detroit, Mich.

The *Beaver*—Beaver High School, Bluefield, West Va.

The *Carteret*—Carteret Academy, Orange, N. J.

The *Columbia Alumni News*—Columbia University.

The *Commercial Record*—Ralston High School, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The *Eastern Collegian*—Eastern College, Manassas, Va.

The *Easterner*—Eastern H. S., Washington, D. C.

The *Gordonian*—Gordon School, Philadelphia, Pa.

The *Distaff*—Girl's High School, Boston, Mass.

The *Magpie*—DeWitt Clinton H. S., New York.

The *Micrometer*—Technical High School, Scranton, Pa.

The *Oracle*—Mount Vernon H. S.-M. V., New York.

The *Otaknam*—Mankato H. S., Mankato, Minn.

The *Spokesman*—Erie High School, Erie, Pa.

The *Tripod*—Roxbury Latin School, Boston, Mass.

The *Tech. Monthly*—Ohio Mechanics Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The *Western*—Western H. S., Washington, D. C.

The *Widow*—Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

The *World*—St. Paul Central H. S., St. Paul, Minn.

The Acropolis this month is as good as any of the other exchanges we received. The literary department is certainly well worked up and deserves commendation. One thing noticed in the *Acropolis* is the formation of a Science Club. The object of this organization is to study the practical side of Physics and Chemistry in connection with school work. The club expects to visit many large factories and industrial institutions and see in actual operation the principles learned in school. As a parting statement, the *Acropolis* is *très bien, sehr gut*, and everything else along this line, from cover to cover.

The Beacon for January has a very attractive, yet simple, cover design. The red, gold, and grey make a very pleasing combination. "Her Own Brave Seventeenth," is a very entertaining short story. Your Alumni Notes are good and we would appreciate it very much if you would tell us how you obtain them. Why not have a Table of Contents? The magazine is up to its usual standard, if not surpassing it—nuf ced; but keep up the good work.

For a small town, a school paper like the Freshman Number of the *Beaver*, is "right there." The business staff shows an enterprise in securing ads. which should be a good example to other schools to try to equal. "Gossip In A Country Store," is very good as it shows careful consideration of the subject and excellent character portrayal.

The Carteret for February is a classy looking little magazine. The stories are pretty good, especially "Mike's Sacrifice," and "A Cruise on the Sally Ann." There are a few things we would suggest, however, as we think they would improve your magazine. In the first place, we would like to remind you that a great many

other school publications have found it advantageous to have a Table of Contents somewhere in it. Second, titles and headings for special topics should be put in larger type with a greater space between them and the reading matter. And last, as you charge fifteen cents per copy and have a plentiful supply of ads., we don't see why you can't enlarge your paper and include in it personals, some good jokes, and some large cuts.

A new exchange, the *Commercial Record*, from Ralston Commercial High School, of Pittsburgh, is most welcome. With the class of paper and the class of the whole magazine, we would like to know how you can sell the *Record* for ten cents. Your Smiles columns are fine, keep them going. We hope that in the future you will favor us with a copy of each issue.

The Editorial column in the *Eastern Collegian* is worthy of comment because it shows careful thought and consideration, but on the opposite page, the exchanges are deserving of an exactly opposite criticism. Your poem "Baldwin Hall Cooings," is not so bad, but maybe you don't know that even poetry is sometimes punctuated. The invisible ink used on your Index is quite an innovation. If you ever make another trip to Washington, come up to McKinley High and look us over.

"Graft and Dictagraph," in the *Gordonian*, is well worth reading and sounds like a short story which one would expect in a commercial magazine. We certainly don't get the idea of the Primary Department but maybe at Gordon you have good reasons to put it in. Congratulations girls, on your fine showing in Basketball, and we wish you all kinds of luck in your athletics. Why not have a new cover design for a change?

The Senior Number of the *Magpie* is a bully one from cover to cover. In the very beginning, one is impressed with the reason for calling this production the Senior Issue. Every fact about each senior, from the time he left the cradle to the present time has been bared and brought to light by the Investigating Committee with a thoroughness which has not been demonstrated by any other

investigating committee in the whole universe. The stories submitted in the contest are exceptionally good and interesting. The book is a fine representative of the school and any school able to get out such a book, and that's what the issue can be called, has reason to be proud of itself. Schools intending to put out a year book in June could get some fine ideas out of this issue. One thing we notice which would be a good thing in our own school, and that is a dancing club, the members of which are taught to dance and later learn all the new steps from the minuet to the Alexandrian Flop. Again we wish to congratulate you on the Senior Number and hope that you will continue to honor us by exchanging.

Among our many exchanges we find a green covered pamphlet called the *Oracle*. This green seems to symbolize the whole issue as being a first attempt. The first thing one sees on opening this so-called magazine, is an Editorial Staff about two miles long and with all this lengthy staff the Exchange Editor is not men-

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The Christiani Drug Co.

A WELL KEPT FOUNTAIN

Where "QUALITY SODA" may be obtained will be one of the features of this new store. High class prescription work at a saving to you.

tioned (t'iz ze insult). You certainly are not shy of clubs at Mount Vernon nor news about them. Some live cuts would be like a good tonic for your paper. A little more judgment, something you lack, would be shown if you spread your ads a little instead of crowding them at the front and back. And you're another that's forgotten a Table of Contents.
(Ain't mad, have you?)

The production of H. M. S. Pinafore as noticed in the Otaknam is something which interests us, as the same play has just been given here at Tech. with great success. We rejoice with you on the acquirement of a library and hope that you will soon be able to enlarge it. A library is really a necessity in a high school and we feel sorry for any school so unfortunate as not to possess one. How inconvenient it is to have to go out of one's way, and lose valuable time in so doing, to go to a city library for every bit of reference needed. At Mankato High School, a wise plan has been inaugurated and that is having a series of vocational talks by men engaged in the particular work under discussion. The first of these talks was given by a prominent judge and the subject, "The Law," was explained from every angle. He told of the study of law, its practice, its primary uses and misuses by the profession and on the whole gave the student who is contemplating taking up law, an insight into its workings. The second talk was on the conduct of the student before leaving school, and the things which go to make up a success in any vocation. Why couldn't McKinley have something like this?

One of our exchanges this month was a strange yellow and red covered magazine, which on close inspection, proved to be the Advertisers' Number of the *Tattler*. This, to us is a brand new idea and should be productive of more advertisements in the future. Surely the advertisers in the *Tattler* have no cause to complain at their treatment when an issue is named in their honor. "The *Tattler* Buycycle, 1914 Model," is a clever idea with a clever title. Your Joke Editors are on the job as evidenced by the full pages of humor. Your large exchange list speaks well for the esteem in which you are held by other schools, and if these other

schools think as much of you as we do you are surely wealthy in praise.

Although the *Western* is pretty good it could be better and to help toward this betterment we would suggest that you interpose some of your jokes among your many ads., in this way the ads. would be looked at in reading the jokes and therefore you would be giving your advertisers a square deal. Speaking of jokes, some of those in the *Western* are so old they have whiskers on them. A little more time spent on your exchange columns would be greatly appreciated by your exchanges.

The cover design on the *World* is not up to its usual standard—not enough contrast is used to make the drawing stand out prominently. Miss Fisher's other work in the issue is above criticism. Your story, "Grandpa and Jeanne," seems to be too long for a school magazine, but the article headed "Some Humors of the English Language," is very enjoyable. The editorials are worthy of praise and really worth reading. Your Personal columns are well worked up. One thing is bothering our beans though, and that is how in the "*World*" you are able to make the students fork over twenty-five cents for your paper. By this we don't mean that it is not worth two bits, because it is, but because we have a hard time making them come across with only ten cents.

The Review. We are sorry to see continued deterioration. It is most painful for us to see the paper of a sister school going to the dogs so swiftly. We advise the omission of all stories and a change in the tone of editorials.

If one of our young men should go with Miss Louisa D—— to get a drink of water why would he be like the Duke of Wellington? Because he's gone to water Lou.

RATHER CRAMPED.

Miss Ethel—Kate says she's weary of living in a small apartment.

Jack Carr—A case of flat tire, eh?—*Boston Transcript*.



ALUMNI

We are very sorry to admit that we are short of personal notes on our Alumni, but the Alumni themselves are to blame for they seem to think that we can guess what they are doing without any communication from them. Old Techites, please write us and let us know what you are doing so that we may pass on the good word.

To make up for the lack of personals we have two fine letters from Alumni which we publish so that the world may know how Tech "Grads." progress.

AMERICAN LEGATION GUARD,

PEKING, CHINA, *January 15, 1914.*

DEAR HAND AND MIND: Since reading your very well gotten up circular letter a few days ago I feel reasonably assured that a brief sketch of Chinese life and customs will not go amiss in your paper, and although a more elaborate and concise one could be read from reports by persons who make that a special study. I feel that it would be a little more appreciated as coming from an alumnus.

Chinese architecture and wonderful masonry constructions date back to the time when Marco Polo visited this country and a good many of the wonders which history quote him as having seen are still standing, especially the Marble Bridge which now stands only a few miles from Peking and which all tourists visit.

The entire country around Peking is covered with isolated bits of architecture, temples and pagodas. Large vertical marble pillars supported on the backs of huge marble turtles and inscribed in Chinese, serve as landmarks while smaller ones of various descriptions mark the graves of the Chinese.

Marvelous stone roads attract the eye as do the temples and pagodas and miles upon miles of great, massive wall which a long time back protected the Chinese from the invasions of the Northern

hordes, the one time sewer system which at the time of its construction was almost an unknown thing in Europe, all of which proves that this country was far ahead of the so-called old countries.

I am citing these things to show that at one time China could boast of some of the wonders of the world and in most of its arts far surpassed its European brothers, but as time went on it underwent a tremendous change until now, most of the finest arts are forgotten, wonders are a thing of the past and the country is torn by revolutions internally and the people are mere skeletons of their former selves.

Naturally, they would retain many of their characteristics, the chief one of which the casual observer notices, is their patience. They go about their work slowly and methodically and it is the rarest thing to see a Chinaman worked to a nervous frenzy over some small bit of work he may be doing, such as the minutest metal work, or wood work, or sewing, or greater than all—the training of bugs and birds.

Their worst feature is the fact that the repair of their houses, streets and buildings seems to be an unthought-of art. Their beautiful creations are slowly tottering to decay and in a comparatively few years the future generations can but read about them and regret that they prematurely perished through lack of a little care.

Of course, the great proportion of the people is the poor, working class or coolie class, most of whom sleep out of doors all the year round and eat when they can, where they can and if they can. Their principal diet in the summer is rice, spaghetti and small biscuits, while in winter they have in addition sweet potatoes, one of China's best and biggest crops.

The people themselves do very little cooking because of the expensiveness of fuel, but buy their food at the little shops along the street and generally eat it on the sidewalk, if the street can boast of one.

As I said before the once great sewer system is almost entirely extinct now and the refuse from the city is carried away by beggars, coolies and dogs, the latter being in the majority. This prevents much disease as the streets in general are only wide enough for two rickishaws to pass.

HAND AND MIND

After going through Japan and being impressed with its cleanliness and general pleasant features you are at first almost horrified at the existing conditions and the depravity of the poor people, so my advice to one who has the opportunity to go around the world is to see China first and then the others—you will appreciate a lot more.

With best wishes and hopes for a successful school year, particularly in athletics, I am,

Sincerely,

DAVID L. BREWSTER, *Class '07.*

TAYLOR HALL, SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA., —, —.

Editor THE HAND AND MIND,
McKinley Manual Training School,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR FELLOW "TECHITES": I have just finished reading a few copies of the HAND AND MIND, and the *Tech News*, and it awoke me to the realization that I have been missing something good, by not keeping up with the Tech dope, since I have been here. Please send me a subscription blank, so that I can get the Tech bunch here at Lehigh interested. There are four Tech fellows here: Galloway, '10; MacCarthy, '10; G. Lewis, '10, and Ed. Lewis, '13. There certainly ought to be more Tech graduates here. It is a great old college, with all kinds of opportunity to do good, hard work, and enjoy life in the intervals between work. TECH IS THE BEST PREPARATORY SCHOOL *in the country for Lehigh*. You get the basis of Mechanics and Technology, in such a way that when you come here, you feel right at home. The social and athletic life is active and sensible. The living conditions are not excelled anywhere, and the restricted size of the student body makes everybody your friend in a short time. With Lehigh's reputation you could not ask for a better combination than we have here.

Don't forget that subscription blank. I want to get back into the atmosphere of Tech, right away.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE LEWIS, '10.



"We have a good Orchestra but there aren't enough in it." That is, about all one has ever heard about our Orchestra. In the school and, alas, even outside the school.

The Orchestra may not have enough musicians but we have a whole Orchestra more than any of the other High Schools. Although it is sad that the Orchestra's corner of the Assembly Hall is not filled to its capacity, we must by all means give those who are working so hard and faithfully for its success, the credit they deserve.

There is a growing spirit of discontent in the Orchestra. Why? They have to stay after school at least one day a week until the building is closed, and at such times they are working steadily the whole afternoon. Then they must come early Assembly mornings to practice. There are many calls on them for time and work. For all this they get no special commendation or glory. They are applauded by the pupils in Assembly that appreciate good music and want more, but there are a lot of "rough necks" who feel that music and assembly are better than lessons.

The Cadets and the various teams are banqueted at the end of their season's work whether they win or not and they feel that the school is back of them at all times, rejoicing in their victories and sorrowing o'er their defeats. Does the Orchestra get anything like this?

Besides the work with the Orchestra each musician must do a lot of practising at home to really keep in trim. Then the violinists, especially, must be very careful of their fingers. This means no participation in any kind of sport such as base ball and foot ball. Are these conditions going to make the Orchestra popular?

Pinafore is over and who helped to make it so great a success? The Orchestra and Mr. Wolfsteiner. Who spends hours of time copying and fixing up music? Mr. Wolfsteiner. Is the treat-

ment that the Orchestra has received going to encourage this fine instructor to go on with the good work?

Can any other school put out such a production as Pinafore without hiring an Orchestra. They *might* have a few pieces but not a full Orchestra.

Think of the money the Orchestra has saved us and of the popularity they have given our Assemblies and Dramatic performances.

Its work is necessary for the success of our teams and other activities for they help earn the money.

Let us then give the Orchestra its full due. Is it not as little as we can do, to include them in one of the school suppers and not make them pay for it, either?

S. H.



The Tech Chess Club

Tech's latest activity is well under way, exciting much comment, and very little of it is unfavorable. This article then is not so much for the purpose of convincing unfavorable critics of the error of their ways but rather for the purpose of giving those who have heretofore been in ignorance of the value of the game a chance to judge of its merits both as a pastime and a science.

The criticism has been made that it is not time employed to any advantage to play Chess. The employment of time or energy cannot be wholly purposeless which enables one to exercise and bring into play those qualities necessary to a successful progress in the great game of life. Calculation, foresight, well arranged and well digested plans of action, the habit of never commencing an

undertaking until the issue of it is considered, steadiness in prosperity, patience in difficulty, a strictly guarded temper, concentration, silence at all times; and last though not least, courtesy and amenity of manner, all these are requisite to the making of a good Chess player and with the possession of them will not one be better equipped to encounter the emergencies and battles that they meet in the great struggle for existence in the commercial world?

The game of Chess then is not merely an idle amusement: for many valuable qualities of the mind, useful in the course of human life are to be acquired and strengthened by it, so as to become habits ready on all occasions; for after all life is a game in which there are points to gain, and competitors to contend with, and in which there is a vast variety of good and ill events that are in some degree the effect of prudence or the want of it, even as

S. H.



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Wife—Why did you tell the Batsons that you married me because I was such a good cook, when you know I can't even boil a potato?

Hubby—I had to make some excuse, my dear, and I didn't know what else to say.—*London Opinion.*

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G-1 PERSONALS

T. E. Anderson was taken with a deathly case of measles. Pour Thomas Edison Anderson was one of the clowns of his section.

Coliniff will be presented with a rattle so he can amuse himself without disturbing his section.

Mr. Clieg holds the unbroken record of not answering a question since he made his first appearance in the "Teck." Some dumb boy.

Mr. J. Barnes, of this section, purchased two reserved seat tickets to H. M. S. Pinafor with the intention of taking a woman, but to John's sad dismay none could be found.

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"Say, pa."

"What is it?"

"It says in the paper that when the Boers went away from Pretoria they left their wives behind."

"Yes."

"Why did they do that, pa?"

"Well, it might have been because it was the first chance they ever had to— hello, ma! When did you come in? I don't know why they left them. Perhaps there was no way the ladies could get their trunks taken to the depot. Now don't bother me any more. I want to read about the war in China."

SODAS

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DRUGS

J. FRENCH SIMPSON

SODAS

7th and Rhode Island Avenue

DRUGS

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Cynical Cy Cal'clates

KISTER, B3.

Ev'ry Freshman thinks that thur aint a Senor in schul as high and haughty as the guy that entered last September.

Some guys spend all there spare time weepin' 'cause they made a mere ninety-eight in the last Dutch exam. and others spend a thin dime ev'ry time they don't get bawled out.

As doors 'er made only eight feet high, life with Jim Hart is jus' one durn duck after another.

Ida Harry Hulnagel sez he and his Swedish boob-hound are inseparable companyuns. Anybuddy who knows Huffy can understand that.

Th' reason nobuddy never looks at the pitchers in the halls, is: 'Cause th' freshies are scared t'; th' sophs 're 'fraid somebuddy 'll think they're freshies; an' th' Juniors are tryin' to initiate Senors who've seen 'em so often, they don't notice 'em.

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FRANCES MANN HALL, A. M.,

Tel. M. 3877

Principal

Rex Collier of C-4 has made quite a discovery. It is a safety device. Put him on the track, let a train run over him, and there would be no more wrecks.

(Ouch!)

During a game of questions and answers one girl drew the question, "How do you like Hermann, the magician," and she had to introduce the word "butter" into her answer.

Her answer was:

"Really, your question puts me in a flutter,
Who would like Hermann but her."

A. W. SKINNER, Proprietor
(Mem. Tech. Alumni)

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2. We are prepared to take beginners or advanced pupils in each of the three systems because we have a specialist at the head of each department.
3. You will be sure to get better service if you go to a school that is willing to furnish you a teacher who specializes on your system.
4. Our pupils have the advantage of being taught Penmanship by a writer of wide reputation.
5. Our Bookkeeping teacher is not only a good teacher, but he is an expert accountant of several years experience.
6. We have a large equipment of new typewriting machines.
7. All agree that Steward's is the most beautiful school in Washington.
8. Ninety-nine pupils actually began a course in this school the first thirty-seven days.
9. Ask any of Steward's pupils how they like their school.
10. We don't cut prices or offer something for nothing.
11. By all means finish your High School course if you possibly can do so, but if you are obliged to quit High School remember the one best Business School is Steward's.

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P. J. HARMAN, Principal

May 1914

HANDEMIN

WHEN THE WISE GUY SHOPS



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HIS HAND & MIND



Vol. XX

May, 1914

No. 5

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THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO INSPECT THE LIGHT, SPACIOUS AND FINELY EQUIPPED QUARTERS OCCUPIED BY THE SCHOOL IN THE NEW EQUITABLE BUILDING AT ABOVE ADDRESS.



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 **I**N the first lesson, a brief history of shorthand is given, together with an explanation of the straight, consonant strokes. In the second lesson, these strokes are dictated and then read back by the class—thus familiarizing them with dictation from the very beginning.

Each principle throughout the course is explained in class. A leaflet involving that principle in conjunction with those preceding, is given to each member, who writes it out at home for correction. At the next lesson, the work is collected and corrected by the teacher and passed back for practice before being dictated. Thus each principle is thoroughly gone over before any attempt is made to “grind it in”—our name for repetition work.

We do not only dictate the practiced work, but give original dictation—letters, etc.—on each principle; in this way, we familiarize the pupils with writing out lines for new words, almost from the beginning.

THE TEMPLE SCHOOL

Shorthand and Typewriting

1417 G STREET N. W.

Phone M. 3258

Day and Night

Summer and Winter

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HAND AND MIND

PENNANTS, ARM BANDS

AWNINGS

M. G. COPELAND CO.

409 11th Street Northwest

Wood's Commercial School**Over \$2,000,000 Annual Salaries of Our Graduates****28th Year**

Thorough instruction in shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping, arithmetic, grammar, letter writing, spelling, commercial law, civil service. Day and evening sessions. Illustrated catalogue sent on request.
 Call, telephone, or write. 'Tis better to call.

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Betty—I shall not wed until I can marry a hero.

Alice—Well, my dear, just show any man who proposes to you a schedule of your yearly expenses, and if he doesn't back out he's one.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE SWEET THING.

"This piece of lace on my dress is over fifty years old."

"It's beautiful. Did you make it yourself?"—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Flowers**Blackistone**

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PHONES, MAIN 3707—MAIN 3708

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SUCCESSOR TO GEO. W. HEROLD

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733 13th St. N.W. Phone, Main 2179

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A SPECIALTY

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PHONE MAIN 8786

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Troy, N. Y.
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Engineering
and Science

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), Chemical Engineering (Ch. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Also Special Courses.

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JOHN W. NUGENT, Registrar.

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LADIES' and GENTS' TAILOR
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by the Hour, Day or Week*

Stenographers Exchange
JOB PRINTING and MULTIGRAPHING
1912 FOURTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST

Hand and Mind

A magazine published
by the students of the
McKinley Manual
Training School, Wash-
ington, D. C. ❧ ❧

May
1903

Hand and Mind

VOL. XI

MAY, 1914

No. 5

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HAND AND MIND is a school magazine issued six times during the school year, published by and for the Students and Alumni of the McKinley Manual Training School of Washington, D. C.

All business communications should be addressed to J. Wilder Tomlinson, McKinley Manual Training School, Washington, D. C.

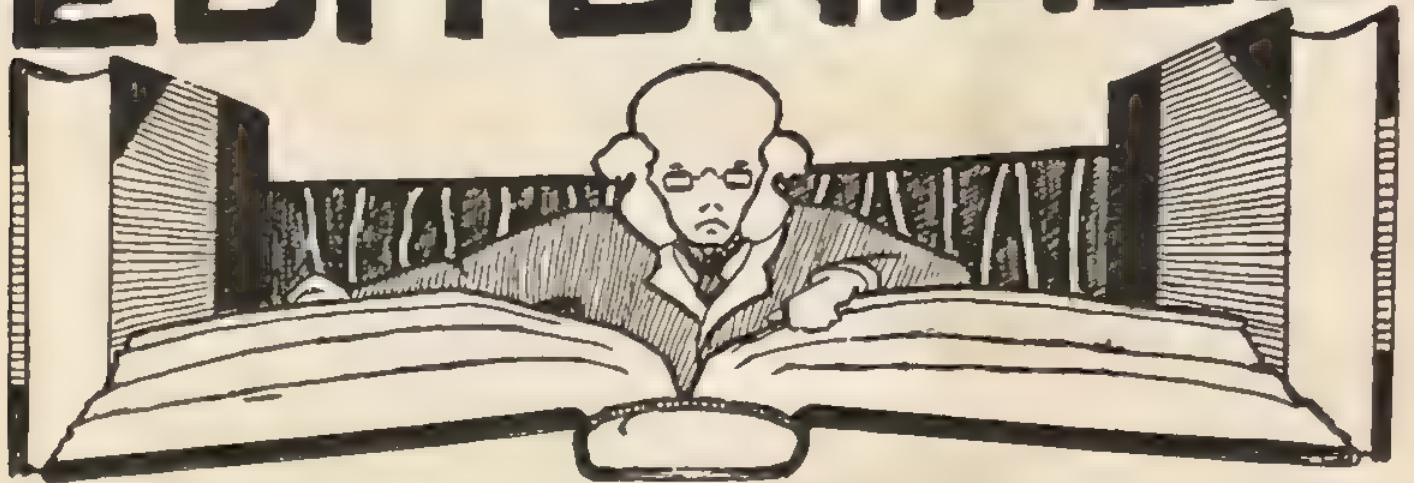
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Advertising rates will be sent on application.

Entered as second-class matter, November 23, 1911, at the Post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

EDITORIALS



Our Advertisers

It is our purpose in this issue to so present the cause of our advertisers to the student body of Tech that hereafter they may realize their duty to our advertisers more fully and by their patronage pay the debt of gratitude which they owe.

We doubt whether the majority of our readers realize that it is our advertisers who make the HAND AND MIND possible. The expense of publishing a school paper is far greater than the student would suppose. The HAND AND MIND costs approximately fifteen cents per copy to print. For this reason it is necessary that we earn at least four hundred dollars yearly through advertising. The only way in which we can repay our advertisers for their friendly interest is by your patronage. Therefore, it is the duty of every Techite to patronize the advertisers whenever opportunity offers.

In order that our classmates may more fully see their duty, we have dedicated this issue to our advertisers and have so arranged it that all may know our advertisers and the staples which they carry.

We know that all Tech students are continually patronizing merchants who do not advertise in the Tech publications. By so doing you are not helping but harming the school papers. If all students would show the merchants whom they patronize that they will not buy from other than Tech advertisers the papers would soon be put

on such a firm basis that they would be able to make money for the support of school athletics.

We, therefore, appeal to all true Techites at this time to rally to our aid that we may in turn aid the school activities which the students so desire to see triumphant.

A FEW

Strayer's Bu(S)iness College

Wood's (C)ommercial School

Columbia Sc(H)ool of Drafting

Berlitz (S)(C)(H)(O)(O)(L)(S) of Languages

National Aut(O)mobile College

The Dri(L)ery

Steward's Bu(S)iness College

WHICH ADVERTISE IN THE "HAND AND MIND"

M F. C

Miss Bond (to Payne of C3, after 2:30)—Payne, you write all the propositions you don't know.

Payne—I haven't enough paper.

(And they shot such men as Lincoln.)



DO THIS!

W. Frederick Piano Co.

Jeweler T. E. Anderson

The Temple School

M. H. Richardson & Co., Druggist

Janes BrOs., Confectioners

Miss E. Jones, MilliNery

The Pioneer Press

The Berlitz School of Languages

ThE National Automobile College

Hall-NOyes School

Underwood Typewriter Co.

John P. MorRison, Text Books

Alpher & Kurr, Jewelers' Supplies

Dieges & Clust, Jewelers

George Washington UniVersity

M. G. CopEland Co., Pennants, etc.

PaRke Herold, Tailor

Remington Typewriter Co.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

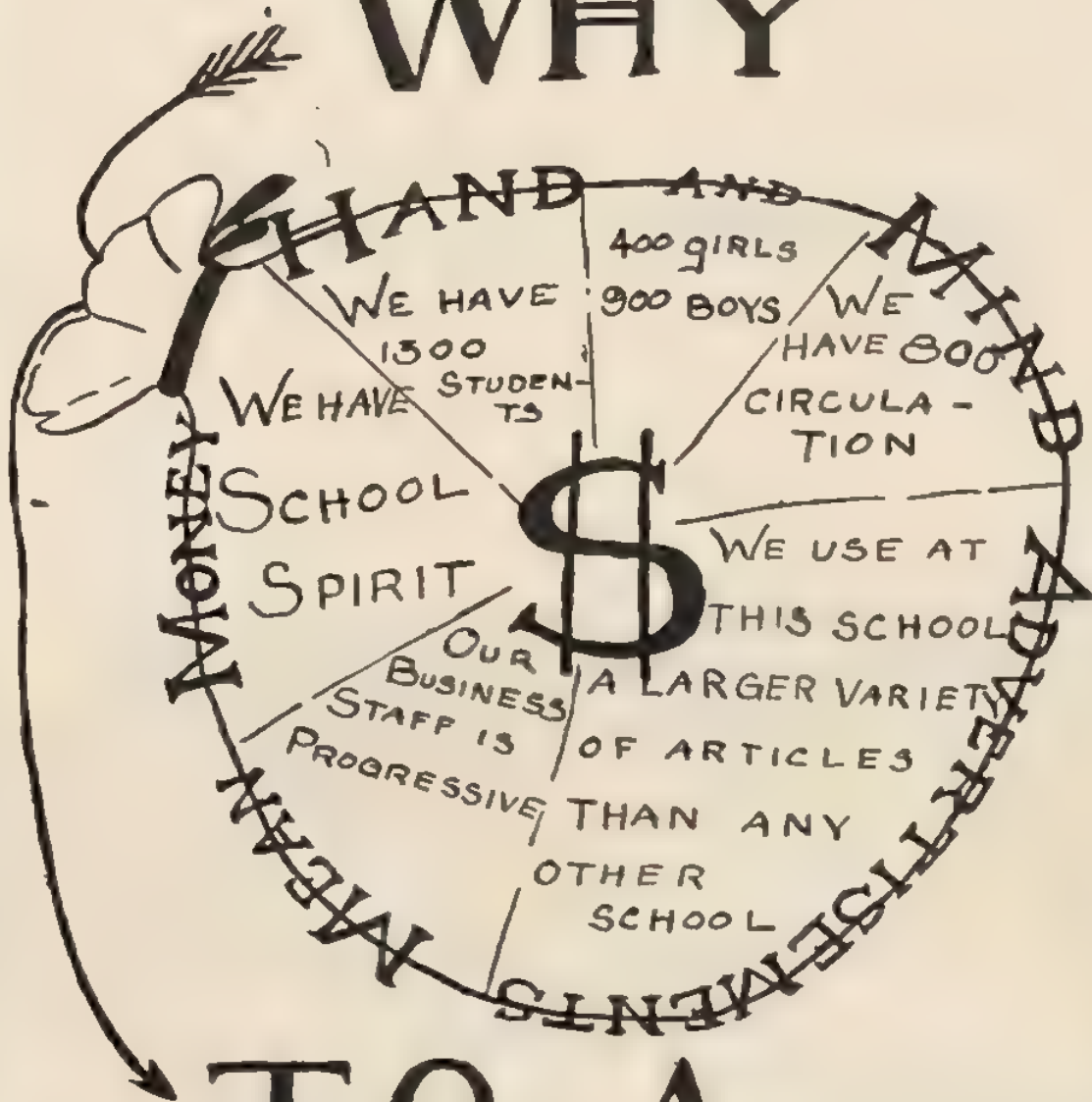
Henry Schirmer, Tailor

The DrillEry

Rich's Sons

Fred A. Schmidt, Draughtman's Supplies

WHY



TO OUR ADVERTISERS!

C.K. VINOLINO

It Goes to Prove——

Once upon a time a freshman roamed the corridors of Tech who showed rare intelligence. "A contradictory statement," you will say. Nevertheless, 'tis the naked truth. As his fond parents declared, "Johnnie wasn't brilliant," but when an idea once soaked through his cranium, he clung to it as clings the perspiring cadet to a soda water straw after the drill on the White House lot. He observed (quite unusual for a freshman), how the ice cream sundae from SIMPSON'S, BRUNIER'S, RICHARDSON'S and DEMING'S improved his complexion and appetite most wonderfully. He furthermore observed that all of these establishments were advertised in the HAND AND MIND. After pondering long over the matter, he decided that goods advertised in this publication were far superior to the ordinary product. Although his purchases during his freshman year were, of necessity, limited, he secured his books and other school supplies with patient regularity at MORRISON'S, and on his seventeenth birthday presented himself with an Ingersoll from KARR'S.

Five long years elapsed and he was at last a dignified senior, but even in the midst of this honor he did not forget the discovery attending that one great mental exertion of his life. He still clung with tenacious persistence to the advertising pages of HAND AND MIND, but, sad to say, just as he was about to graduate, he lost his head, heart, and most of his money to a life-size edition of a fashion sheet with a face like a fried egg. He was so fussed that he flunked most of his examinations with a wide margin, and went into the hole on one. Now the good result of his flash of brilliance can be seen. He understood the value of goods advertised in the HAND AND MIND, and profited thereby. He bought his shoes at RICH'S SON'S, noisy socks at SNYDER & KIDD'S, and his suits at HEROLD'S or SCHIRMER'S as the flip of a coin decided. To top this nifty outfit he wore a DODGE HAT, and a scarf pin from DIEGES & CLUST, which he never left off for fear of catching a cold on his "chist." In this outfit he appeared quite dazzling to his beloved, and won so great a share in her affection that she always preferred going with him to regular friends. But alas, her

paternal ancestor on her father's side could not see it her way, and warned Johnnie with the front end of his boot, to avoid the neighborhood. But Johnnie, with dogged determination in his eye, and a sore spot on the lower end of his spine, set out to win favor in the eyes of the father-in-law he had chosen with the help of his old friend, the advertising columns of HIS SCHOOL MAGAZINE. On perusing said columns his eye lighted on the U. S. SAVINGS BANK'S AD. A joyous glow suffused his countenance, and he so far forgot himself as to sit down, whereupon a pained expression succeeded the joyous look, and he arose somewhat hastily and undignified for a senior. Undaunted by this sad occurrence, he collected all the loose change about his person, and started out on the first great investment of his career. 'Twas a splendid chance to increase his capital and get himself in good with Her Old Man. Two bits of his cash he did not use in the interests of high finance, but decided to buy a few blossoms to send to his girl. Unfortunately, when he tossed his quarter to determine whether to spend it at GUDE'S or BLACKISTONE'S, he was standing on a car track, and, as fate would have it, it rolled unaccommodatingly down the slot. As he would not be able to take care of the large sum of money he expected to have without a business education, he attempted to choose between WOOD'S STRAYER'S, STEWARD'S and the DRILLERY. Remembering his former experience he borrowed a nickle, bored a hole in it, and tied a string to it.

Two years later, the Old Man, impressed by Johnnie's fame and success, melted under the influence of sundry boxes of cigars and bottles of ginger ale, and the couple were married under an awning provided by COPELAND & CO. The last time we saw Johnnie he was running his own auto, accompanied by his wife, after a series of lessons at the NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE COLLEGE, while little Johnnie was at home playing a pianola bought from FREDERICK SONS.

WE POINT WITH PRIDE TO THE SUCCESSFUL CAREER THIS YOUNG MAN, WHO IS A LIVING EXAMPLE OF THE PROSPERITY WHICH INEVITABLY ATTENDS THOSE WHO PATRONIZE HAND AND MIND ADVERTISERS.

? M i r t h ?

SUPERIORITY.

Johnnie—I wish I could be Tommy Jones.

Mother—Why? You are stronger than he is, you have a better home, more toys, and more pocket money.

Johnnie—Yes, I know; but he can wiggle his ears.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

KANSAS DIAGNOSIS.

An Emporia girl was complaining to her chum the other day of the way her steady was treating her.

“Why don't you give him the mitten?” the friend asked.

“It isn't a mitten he needs; it's a pair of socks; he's got cold feet,” was the answer.—*Emporia Gazette.*

ENCOURAGING.

“I can't understand how you have the presumption to think I would permit my daughter to become your wife.”

“It does seem rather surprising, I suppose; but cheer up. You're not half as badly upset as I was when she suggested it to me.”—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

DISCONCERTING.

What does this nation need?” shouted the impassioned orator. “What does this nation require if she steps proudly across the Pacific, if she strides boldly across the mighty ocean in her march of trade and freedom? I repeat, what does she need?”

“Rubber boots!” suggested the grossly materialistic person in a rear seat.—Ex.

WHO WAS SICK?

“I called a doctor last night.”

“Was anybody sick?”

“Yes; he was when he saw the hand I held.”—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Krey—Generally speaking, Ray Williams is——

Connors—Yes, he is.

Hammill—Is what?

Connors—Generally speaking.

Mr. Marsh—Weeks, do you mean to say you wouldn't know one Hydrogen atom when you'd see it?

Yet, we are taught that atoms are too small to be seen.

BRILLIANCY IN A6 FRENCH CLASS.

Miss Maret—Miss C——, how do you form the passive in French?

Miss C—The same as in English.

Miss Maret—Well, how do you form it in English?

Miss C—Oh, the same as in French.

Mr. Marsh—Miss D——, why didn't you know those questions today?

Miss D—Oh, that was only review. (*Some excuse.*)

AN AFTER-EFFECT OF THE JUNIOR SOCIAL.

After Cleveland, acting Magician's Assistant, had swallowed the grape juice(?) Wednesday night, "Ray" Williams had nerve enough to pull off the following:

Although we're in Washington, the grape juice is in Cleveland. Doctor! Doctor! Come quick, I'm dying!

In Chemistry, Miss D——, explaining the oxidizing power of Nitric Acid: Introduce a spark into the test tube of Nitric Acid and the spark will burn brighter.

Mr. Marsh—Something else is necessary in that experiment, Miss D——.

Miss D—— (after thinking deeply)—Oh, yes, I know. Heat the spark. Just then there was a cloudburst, so we can't tell you the effect of this brilliant answer.



ALUMNI

During the Easter Holidays many of the old standbys have been in to say Hello, but they have left very little news of themselves on departing.

Uncle Looie received an invitation to the wedding of Miss Elsie Margaret Hickman, 1903, who was married to Jonothan Rowland, Jr., on Monday, April twenty-seventh. Congratulations and best wishes from Tech.

E. M. Baker, of '08, is studying Electrical Chemical Engineering at Pennsylvania State College.

Francis Nesbit, '13, who made so much noise in the Agora last year, proved the benefit of that society by making the Freshman debating team at Michigan this year.

"Cat" Collier, '13, and Walker Nettleton, '13, have both secured civil service jobs as draughtsmen in the Navy Department, standing first and third, respectively, in their exams.

A Word From Our First Editor-in-Chief

Washington, D. C., March 19, 1914.

Editor HAND AND MIND:

As the founder of HAND AND MIND I venture to suppose you may be a little interested to receive a few words from me.

I was looking over your "Spring" issue and wish to compliment you on the great improvement your paper shows over what we put out. It shows a greater co-operation of the departments and of the school in general.

If it interests you any I might suggest the following famous saying of Uncle Louie: "If I could roar like a lion I would roar all for clean athletics."

Yours,

W. A. LUTZ, '04.

A Wise Guy's Adventure

A young man came to town one day
To fit himself out right.

He bought a copy of HAND AND MIND,
And his outfit was then in sight.

The first ad. that his gaze did meet
Was of HEROLD, a tailor of class.
So he got a suit of latest style,
And went to meet his country lass.

With her he strolled down F Street,
And chatted and talked all the while.
He talked of the weather (?), and things otherwise,
And finally of latest style.

Then the little grey book that he had bought,
Again he did peruse.
In looking it over, an ad. he did see,
Which told him he needed some shoes.

B. RICH'S SONS and SNYDER & KIDD,
Both stores of well known fame,
He decided to try, so some shoes to buy
He then went in with his dame.

He was so well pleased with the goods received,
That he swore right then and there,
That to get the rest of his supplies,
He'd consult HAND AND MIND for fair.

Now he needed a watch to tell the time,
So he looked at the book again;
When he saw such ads. as of HENRY C. KARR,
He knew where to go right then.

Thinking again of the queen at his side.
He thought that he'd treat her right nice;
So to GUDE's, the Florist, he straightway went,
And bought flowers at a very low price.

(Continued on Page 27.)

Advice to Lower Class Men

Among the lower classes of Tech, as among the lower classes of every other great institution of the World and Mars, there is a natural tendency to a separation into varieties. We, of Tech's lower classes, have fellows of the "What do I get out of it?" type and fellows of the "Tech's a school and a school's a prison" kind, but to outrule these disagreeable varieties there are also the "What can I do for Tech?" class, and this is the class that deserves notice.

These fellows ask the question, "What can I do for Tech?" but they seldom seek its answer. Often the duty thrust upon them is faithfully fulfilled. For the sake, therefore, of the good intentioned beginners we set forth a few things a fellow can do for Tech and which are necessary to the success of Tech.

(1) Bring into the folds of the "good intentioners" those black sheep, "the care notters."

(2) Carry unto outsiders great news of our success, but bring to our managers your lamentations.

(3) Be not a sore-head, for in Tech the best man surely wins.

(4) "Love, honor and obey" your teachers, for in them lies the knowledge for which you seek.

(5) Enter deeply and earnestly into your studies and you will find plenty of time to plunge headlong into activities.

(6) Eat your lunch in the school lunch room, for such is the purpose of its existence.

(7) The high lower classmen, the self-honored sophs, will find great chance of helping, in their subordinates, the fresh.

(8) The low lower classmen, the wonders of their homes, will find great chance of helping the school by not pretending, unto others, that they own it.

(9) Lowers, attend each athletic contest and let forth great cheers you must have saved up from the quietude of the classrooms.

(10) Be not afraid, freshies, for the sophs are actors.

(11) Be not afraid, sophs, for the seniors are in earnest.

(12) If perchance you be a Milan or a Gandil the baseball team awaits you.

(13) There is also the Agora for the Daniel Websters; the track

team for the Hermes; the cadets and rifle team for the Napoleons and Villas; the Players' Club for the Shakespeares; the News and the HAND AND MIND for the Munseys; the singing classes for the Carusos, and the girls for the successful.

(14) Remember always that you are a Techite and a Techite is a gentleman.

(15) Be not too kindly unto your neighbor across the aisle, for some day he will be compelled to do for himself.

NORMAN H. BARNES.



Singing the Advertisers' Praises

WAR ALARM.

Little Tommy, at the "movies," saw a tribe of Indians painting their faces, and asked his mother the significance of this.

"Indians," his mother answered, "always paint their faces before going on the warpath—before scalping and tomahawking and murdering."

The next evening, after dinner, as the mother entertained in the parlor her daughter's young man, Tommy rushed downstairs, wide-eyed with fright.

"Come on, mother!" he cried. "Let's get out of this quick! Sister is going on the warpath!"—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

HOW THE DISCOVERY WAS MADE.

"Archimedes, you say, discovered specific gravity on getting into his bath. Why had the principle never occurred to him before?"

"Probably this was the first time he ever took a bath."



She got this hat at
Miss E. Jones
GIRLS — GET BUSY

What Two of Our Girls Found

NAOMI CLARK (OMAR).

"Helen, what are you going to do after school today?"

"Nothing particular; why?" answered Marie.

"Then come and go down town with me. I was down town yesterday, looking for a photographer to take pictures of the picnic that we are going to have. I couldn't find anything satisfactory so when I got home I looked in my HAND AND MIND and found an ad. which seemed to be just what I want. So I'm going down to see about it. I'll take my HAND AND MIND with me and maybe it'll help me with the other things I've got to get.

Arriving at FARNHAM'S, the photographers, the girls were well pleased so that they decided to patronize other HAND AND MIND advertisers.

(Continued on page 28.)

In Memoriam

Captain

Francis Woolley Walter

Class 1914

Died

Sunday, May 3, 1914

HERE THEY ARE:

A CLASSIFIED LIST OF "HAND AND MIND" ADVERTISERS

Be sure to mention THE HAND AND MIND.

BANKS:
U. S. Savings Bank

BLUE PRINTING:
G. B. Farquhar & Co.

CHEMICALS:
Mackall Bros.

CONFECTIONERS:
Janes Bros.

COSTUMER:
Annie Bickerton.

DRAUGHTSMAN'S SUPPLIES:
Fred A. Schmidt.

DRUGGISTS:
Brunier.
Deming's.
M. H. Richardson & Co.
J. French Simpson.

DRY GOODS:
Miss Chauncey.
Lansburgh & Bro.

ENGRAVERS:
Brewood.
Lanman Engraving Co.

FLORISTS:
Blackistone's.
Gude Bros. Co.

HABERDASHERY:
Dodge's Hats.

JEWELERS:
W. Blumenfeld.
R. Harris & Co.
Henry C. Karr.

JEWELERS' SUPPLIES:
Alpher & Kur.
G. C. Pauls & Co.

KODAKS:
F. J. Pullman.

MILLINERY:
Miss E. Jones.

LAUNDRY:
M. L. King Co.

PENNANTS, ARM BANDS, ETC.
M. G. Copeland & Co.
J. P. Morrison.

PHOTOGRAPHERS:
H. A. Farnham.

PIANOS:
W. F. Frederick Piano Co.

PINS, MEDALS, ETC.:
Dieges & Clust.

PRINTING:
The Carnahan Press.
W. B. Dawson.
A. W. Skinner.

STENOGRAPHER'S EXCHANGE:
Lewis M. Thayer.

PROJECTING MACHINES:
Educational Film Co.

SCHOOLS, BUSINESS COLLEGES:
The Temple School.
Strayer's Business College.
Steward's Business College.
Berlitz School of Languages.
Hall-Noyes School.
Wood's Commercial School.
National Automobile College.
Columbia School of Drafting.
The Drillery.
Wash. Bus. and Civil Service School.

SHOES:
B. Rich's Sons.
Snyder & Kiidd.

TAILORS:
P. Herold.
Schirmer.

TEXT BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES:
J. P. Morrison.

TYPEWRITERS:
Remington Typewriter Co.
Underwood Typewriter Co.

UNIVERSITIES:
George Washington University.
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

UNSET STONES FOR ART METAL:
T. E. Anderson.

WASHINGTON BUSINESS AND CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOL

1317 NEW YORK AVENUE N. W.

W. C. POTEET, Principal

Our location is easily accessible from all parts of the city, and our courses are arranged with a view to helping the better class of student to assert himself commercially. We would especially invite high school students to come in and visit us before deciding on a school.

We are authorities on Business and Civil Service Courses.

PHONE M 4304

A Solilokuy—or—Weighty Words of Wisdom

NORMAN H. BARNES.

Cir-cu-la-tion, n: act of moving round; act of spreading.

All live things move round; all good things spread. There are various ways different things move and spread, but all of the ways are results of *work*. The HAND AND MIND spreads all over Tech. It spreads all over the nation, but this spreading of a very live and very good magazine is the result of the work of the circulation and exchange managers. It is a possibility for the circulation manager to do much alone, and he does, but he cannot do all. In order to help him the sections have chosen HAND AND MIND monitors. The duty of these monitors is to help every one in their respective sections to use a little common sense in subscribing at the very first opportunity for the HAND AND MIND. The students pay 50 cents at the first part of the year and receive a receipt. Six times during the

(Continued on page 26.)

BRUNIER

RELIABLE DRUGGIST

Graduate Philadelphia College of Pharmacy

BEST NICKEL SODA IN TOWN

SILVER PLATE AND WIRE FOR ART METAL STUDENTS
PRESCRIPTIONS AT A SAVING TO YOU

NEW DRUG STORE OPP. TECH

T. E. Anderson *Jeweler* 612 14th Street N. W.
 Set and Unset Stones WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER Second Floor
 Special Price to Art Students

G. B. FARQUHAR & CO.

1410 G Street N. W.

BLUE PRINTING AND DRAWING INSTRUMENTS

Miss E. Jones Formerly of **MILLINERY**
 81 SEATON PLACE N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

A HINT TO HUSBANDS.

Knicker—Is Smith an optimist?

Bocker—Yes; as soon as the tariff bill was signed he cut his wife's allowance because the cost of living is coming down.—*New York Sun.*

Confectionery

Sodas

Janes Bros.

514 9th Street

**The Columbia
School of Drafting**

McLachlen Bldg.

TOPOGRAPHIC, MAP DRAWING
AND ALL BRANCHES OF
DRAFTING TAUGHT

LEARN TO LETTER

Alpher & Kurr

Wholesale Jewelry and Jewelry Supplies

Watch Material Tools

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A SOLILOKUY—OR—WEIGHTY WORDS OF WISDOM

(Continued from page 24.)

year they are presented, by their section monitors, with a HAND AND MIND. The 50 cents wasn't much when it was paid, but after it has long been forgotten, what a joy it is to receive a copy of the unequalled HAND AND MIND.

But for the benefit of most of those of lesser knowledge who failed to subscribe at the beginning of the year, the ever thoughtful Business Staff manages so that the neglectful can easily purchase a copy of the magazine the very first day that it is put out. This opportunity is also extremely beneficial to the wise who want extra copies to give to their friends. For 10 cents they (the wise) can enjoy the desirable sensation that comes from pleasing some one; they can more than please the fortunate to whom they give the magazine, and they can increase the spreading.

Remember, foolish beings who did not subscribe, to buy each remaining issue, and remember next year how sorry you were for not subscribing when the section monitor gave you that invaluable advice. Remember, section monitors, to give the advice which is so beneficial.

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SODAS

7th and Rhode Island Avenue

DRUGS

A WISE GUY'S ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 18.)

Many things he did buy with the aid of the book,
Was so jolly well pleased, I declare,
That before he went home, he came to old Tech,
Said our ads. were all on the square.

Now why don't Tech fellows do as this guy did,
And buy of our business friends;
In doing this deed you help HAND AND MIND
And satisfy all your own ends.

M. F. C.

DIEGES & CLUST

Jewelers and Silversmiths

MUNSEY BUILDING, 1325 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE
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Class Pins, Medals, Loving Cups, Plaques

Represented by J. V. MULLIGAN

GUDE BROS. CO.

Florists and Floral Decorators

1214 F Street Northwest

WHAT TWO OF OUR GIRLS FOUND

(Continued from Page 21.)

"I'm hungry, so let's go to a nearby candy store and get some good chocolates," complained Marie.

"Good; let's see; JAMES BROTHERS advertise; let's try them. I know our Business Manager wouldn't have any advertisers who didn't carry first class goods."

After eating a few of their chocolates they decided that their surmise about the HAND AND MIND advertisers was correct, so far.

"I've had the worst time trying to get slippers to match my dress. RICH'S Store is good, and is supporting our paper. Let's try them."

In Rich's after very little trouble, Marie got the desired slippers.

"I'm real pleased with my slippers and now let's run up to COPELAND'S and get a TECH pendant."

At COPELAND'S they mentioned the ad. in the HAND AND

*(Continued on page 32.)***BUSINESS PRINTING**

FOR BUSINESS PEOPLE

See me about those Invitations, Announcements,
Tickets, Etc. I can save you money.

W. B. DAWSON

COMMERCIAL AND SOCIETY PRINTER
807 Ninth Street Northwest

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A Practical School of
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Consider the following reasons why you should attend our school:

1. We teach three systems of shorthand, Modern Pitmanic, Pitman-Barnes and Gregg.

2. We are prepared to take beginners or advanced pupils in each of the three systems because we have a specialist at the head of each department.

3. You will be sure to get better service if you go to a school that is willing to furnish you a teacher who specializes on your system.

4. Our pupils have the advantage of being taught Penmanship by a writer of wide reputation.

5. Our Bookkeeping teacher is not only a good teacher, but he is an expert accountant of several years experience.

6. We have a large equipment of new typewriting machines.

7. All agree that Steward's is the most beautiful school in Washington.

8. Ninety-nine pupils actually began a course in this school the first thirty-seven days.

9. Ask any of Steward's pupils how they like their school.

10. We don't cut prices or offer something for nothing.

11. By all means finish your High School course if you possibly can do so, but if you are obliged to quit High School remember the one best Business School is Steward's.

WHAT TWO OF OUR GIRLS FOUND

(Continued from Page 28.)

MIND and were pleased to find that a reduction was given to TECH STUDENTS.

"And now," said Marie, "let's go to GUDE'S and get flowers for Marion, who is sick with the measles. Their ad. in the HAND AND MIND states that they carry a large stock of beautiful flowers."

After purchasing their flowers, they looked for an engraver, and found that BREWOOD advertised in their school paper. Here they made arrangements for having their calling cards engraved and were delighted with the low prices and courteous attention.

"Father is thinking of buying a victrola. Let's go in to FREDERICK'S, another advertiser, and hear some records."

They listened to some delightful records and were given a pamphlet, which gave the particulars about the records.

"By the way, my watch is broken. Do you know of any reliable jeweler, Helen?"

"Well, Marie, as our HAND AND MIND has served us so well in finding other stores, let's try it once more. Here is an ad. of KARR'S; I think they are good."

The two girls were once more satisfied and they resolved to notice the HAND AND MIND'S reliable advertisers and to patronize them.

The Carnahan Press

CREATORS OF FINE PRINTING

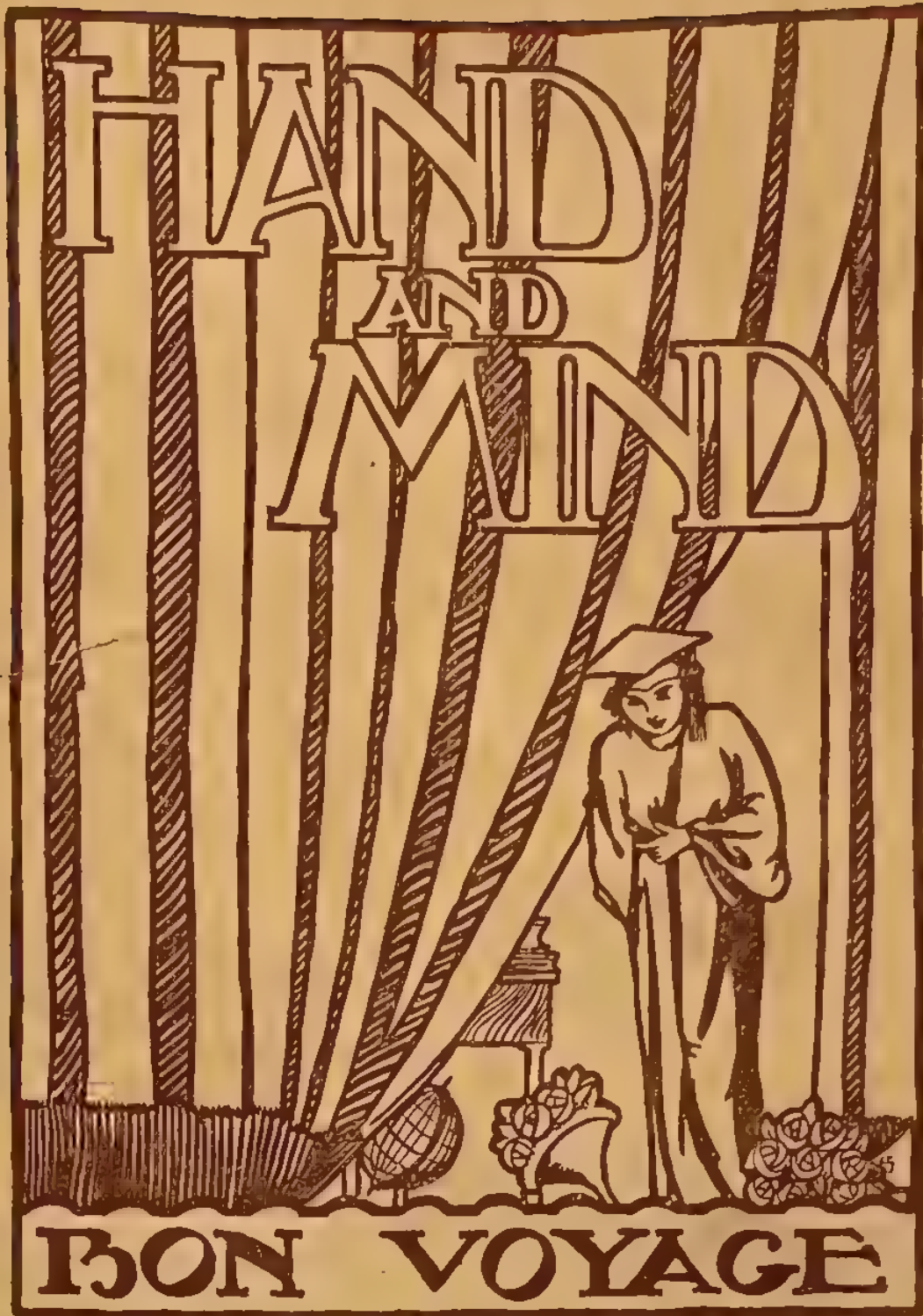
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Lanman Engraving Co.

HALF TONES and ZINC ETCHINGS

POST BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 1914 Vol. 11 #6



June, 1914

THE BERLITZ SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES

806 Fourteenth Street N. W. Telephone Main 3217

Branches in over 300 leading cities in America, Europe and Africa. Pupils traveling may transfer the value of their lessons from one city to another without additional cost.

PRIVATE AND CLASS LESSONS AT SCHOOL
OR RESIDENCE DAY OR EVENINGS
BEST OF NATIVE TEACHERS

Terms Reasonable

Catalogue on Application

GRAND PRIZES AT ALL RECENT EXPOSITIONS

THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO INSPECT THE LIGHT, SPACIOUS AND FINELY EQUIPPED QUARTERS OCCUPIED BY THE SCHOOL IN THE NEW EQUITABLE BUILDING AT ABOVE ADDRESS.



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CLEVELAND-PITTSBURGH-WASHINGTON
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EXCLUSIVE HANDLERS OF

Knabe
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Angelus
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Harmonola

PIANOS
PLAYERS FOR RENT

VICTROLAS
AND RECORDS

When you come here for your piano or player-piano, you are dealing with the largest retail handlers of pianos in the world.

We own and operate 106 stores and agencies and market more than \$3,000,000 worth of instruments annually.

It stands to reason that this Company, with its vast resources, can buy and sell the BEST of makes of pianos and players, and at prices which the ordinary piano store could not equal.


Not alone the price, but the terms of payment are made most attractive here.

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D. G. PFEIFFER
Vice-Pres. Mgr.

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How We Teach the Principles of Shorthand

N the first lesson, a brief history of shorthand is given, together with an explanation of the straight, consonant strokes. In the second lesson, these strokes are dictated and then read back by the class—thus familiarizing them with dictation from the very beginning.

Each principle throughout the course is explained in class. A leaflet involving that principle in conjunction with those preceding, is given to each member, who writes it out at home for correction. At the next lesson, the work is collected and corrected by the teacher and passed back for practice before being dictated. Thus each principle is thoroughly gone over before any attempt is made to "grind it in"—our name for repetition work.

We do not only dictate the practiced work, but give original dictation—letters, etc.—on each principle; in this way, we familiarize the pupils with writing out lines for new words, almost from the beginning.

THE TEMPLE SCHOOL

Shorthand and Typewriting

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Phone M. 3258

Day and Night

Summer and Winter

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Over \$2,000,000 Annual Salaries of Our Graduates

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Thorough instruction in shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping, arithmetic, grammar, letter writing, spelling, commercial law, civil service. Day and evening sessions. Illustrated catalogue sent on request.
Call, telephone, or write. 'Tis better to call.

311 E. CAP. ST.

TEL. LINC. 38

"If there's anything worries a Senior,
It's something he ought to know,
But you bet he'll find it out somehow,
If he gets the least kind of a show.

"If he had to stand on his head,"
We knew he would get at it somehow,
This poem he's already read;
Now we'll wager ten cents to a penny,

—Exchange.

*Flowers***Blackistone**

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PARKE HEROLD

SUCCESSOR TO GEO. W. HEROLD

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Hand and Mind

A magazine published
by the students of the
McKinley Manual
Training School, Wash-
ington, D. C. ❧ ❧

June
1907

Hand and Mind

VOL. XI

JUNE, 1914

No. 6

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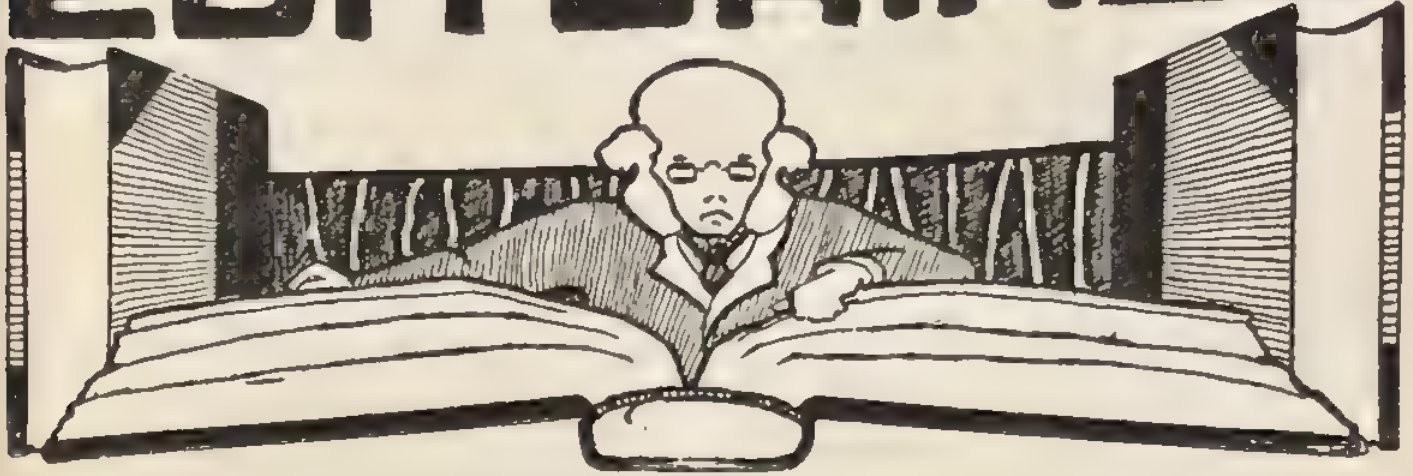
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EDITORIALS



Retrospectus

With the passing of June 12, another year in Tech's glorious history is creditably completed and all the members of the School may justly be proud of the honors attained by McKinley High.

Early in the Fall our noble football team, under the leadership of Noel White and later "Perce" Gibson, won the High School championship by walking away with the long end of the score on each occasion it played. One thing in connection with the acquiring of the championship which we can feel grateful and jubilant over is that we defeated our old rival, Central, a feat not accomplished since 1909, when we won all games, as this year.

The next great event which occurs to us is the production of that masterpiece of theatrical talent, "H. M. S. Pinafore," in which some brilliant stars from among our midst were uncovered. This great production was the means of refilling the coffers of the Athletic Association so plentifully that it was substantially able to take care of the different athletic activities.

Next to attract our attention is the great work done by our Rifle Club. Early in the year the Club, through the National Rifle Association, was able to present thirty junior marksman's medals, six of which went to our future home makers, members of the fair sex. In the Inter-City Matches the School was represented by a

team much better than the other local High Schools were able to get together and in Class A, competing with schools all over the country, Tech obtained fifth place. Toward the latter part of May, at Winthrop, Md., in the Outdoor Meet, Tech men captured first, second and third honors, and the club team won first place against the other clubs.

The Tech Orchestra, in closing this year, ending June, 1914, has passed over one of the brightest and most successful years in its history since 1901, when the School was first organized. At all School functions the Orchestra has been "on the job," and is deserving of all the credit that can be bestowed on it.

All the Clubs of the School have prospered wonderfully, the Tech Players Club, Agora, Chess, Camera, and last to be named, because of its youth, the Wireless Club. It can truly be said of all that if they enjoy as much prosperity next year as at present they will be upholding the honor of the School.

Still another line, in which we have covered ourselves with glory is in Track. The Track team this year, with "Hap" Hardell guiding it, has shown conclusively what position Track should occupy here at School. Although we lost the Spring meet by a small margin, we have a great fact to console us, that is the good example shown this year can not fail to produce next year a team which will "clean up" the other High Schools.

Our baseball team? Well we tied for second place, anyhow, and beat Central. The loss this year of the championship was a sad disappointment, but with most of the players to be with us again we feel sure that by this time next year that championship will be tucked safely away at Tech, where it rightfully belongs.

Farewell

This, the month of June, is the time for vacating and also for vacation.

Already we have lost our beloved Seniors, who have so creditably helped to make Tech what it is today. Now, lest persons think we give them too much credit, we request of them to look into the various successful School activities and see who are the leading spirits. In almost all cases the Seniors are the men of the minute.

HAND AND MIND

To these Seniors who have left these scenes of bustle and drudgery, to wander light-hearted into the outside world, the HAND AND MIND extends a glad hand, a fond good-bye, and kind wishes for success.

Although this send-off is directed to the Seniors, it applies as much to all the members of the School, but with one more hope expressed, that next year all will return refreshed from their vacation and become once more loyal Techites.

Thus to all, the HAND AND MIND in this, the last issue of the year 1913-1914, bids farewell.
M. F. C.

TRACING THE SPOILS.

"Thomas," said mother, severely, "some one has taken a big piece of ginger cake out of the pantry."

Tommy blushed guiltily.

"O, Thomas," she exclaimed. "I didn't think it was in you!"

"It ain't all," replied Tommy; "part of it's in Elsie."—*Ex.*

Miss Marsh—Did I not tell you to be prepared with your history lesson? And here you are unable to repeat a word of it!

Pupil—I've always heard that history repeats itself.



THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE



HOW SHE IS SUPPOSED TO FEEL ON GRADUATING. HOW SHE REALLY FEELS ABOUT IT.

F.R.B.

The Manufacture and Use of Chewing Gum

Being the results of an interview between Mr. I Will Chew and a staff correspondent.

NORMAN H. BARNES, F4.

It is the ambition of all great publications to give to their readers something beneficial and instructive. What could be more beneficial or instructive than some facts about a package of "Wriggeley's Ferment Chewing Paste?" Nothing. Therefore we have sent a correspondent to the world's greatest producer of the telephone girl's pastime.

Our representative, after entering, made known his quest and Mr. Chew immediately shut the doors. "Three office boys of mine have quit during the last month and are running strong oppositions to me," said the famous manufacturer, by way of explanation.

"How long have you been in the business?" inquired the representative.

"A year from next Tuesday it will be six months."

"Who are your chief purchasers?"

"Amateur baseball players; girls who can't talk fast enough (none of them can), and scholars who want something to think about besides what the poor teacher is trying to pump into them."

"Please explain that last-mentioned use."

"Well, a boy wanders into a drug store with three cents in his pocket about three minutes before school time. He must spend the three cents because "The News" doesn't come out that day. He buys three cents worth of gum, unwraps it (throwing the wrappers where the druggist can get them and sell back to us), and rams the delicious sticks into his mouth just in time to rush to his first class. The teacher asks him if he worked last summer and he says, "Yeth." "What can your employer say about you?" "Nothing; he's deaf and dumb." "Have you anything in your mouth?" (Ever heard that before?) "Yeth." "Empty it at once." He does, and after nearly killing the janitor who empties the basket, the wonderful wad is recaptured by us, the manufacturers, remolded, and sent through the same practical process."

The Wireless Club

F. WINDRIDGE, A7.

The Tech Radio Association is the outcome of several boys in the Seventh Semester getting the wireless craze. Several attempts to organize were made before the Easter holidays, but the first real meeting was not held until the Monday after. The meeting was called to order by H. Lyon, of A7, a wireless bug of the first water. Officers were elected as follows: H. Lyon, President; W. Parks, Vice President; F. Windridge, Secretary; and A. E. Rush, Treasurer.

The membership of the Club is limited to pupils of the third and fourth years only, because most of the instruments are to be made at School, and therefore boys with a little machine shop experience are wanted. The Constitution of the Club also provides that each fellow must become an efficient operator inside of six months after joining. Tech, therefore, in a short time, will be able to furnish a corps of wireless operators on short notice.

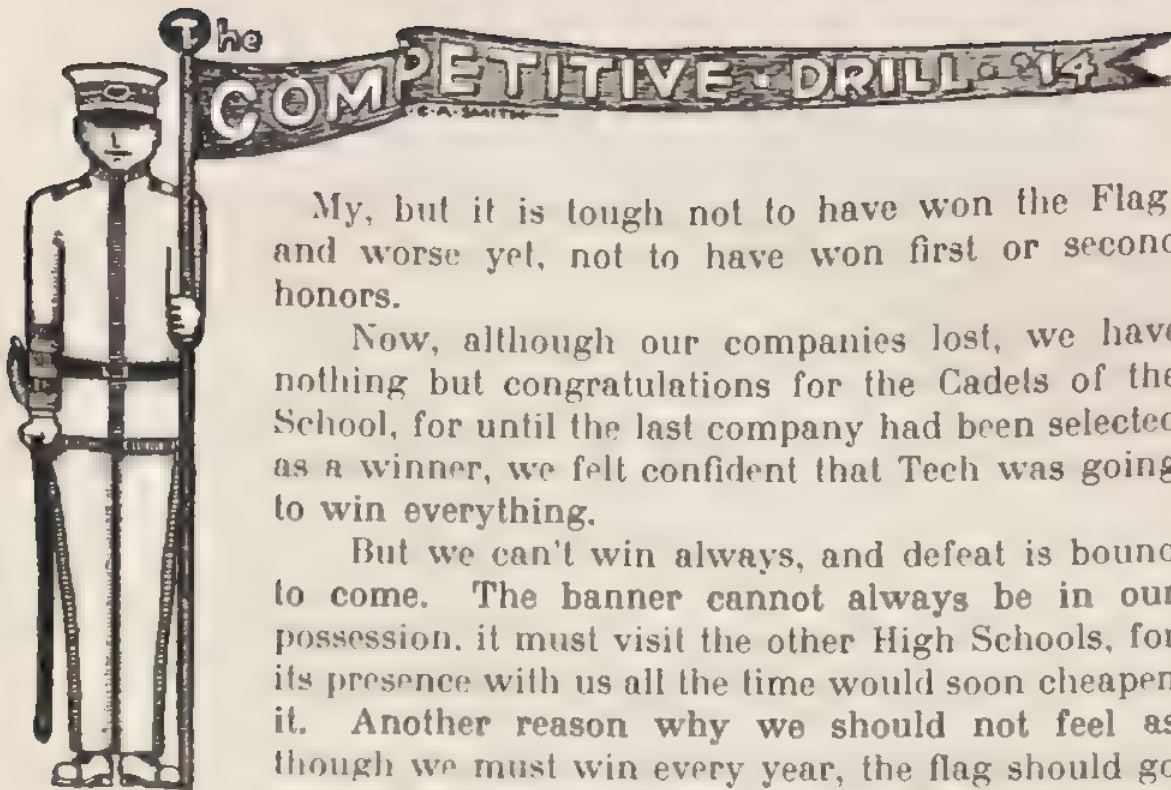
After the organization, the Club set about getting an aerial placed on the roof. At present a four-wire, T type aerial is being used. It is eighty feet high, one hundred and fifty feet long, and has a twelve-foot spreader.

The station, when finished, will be a typical one-half kilowatt commercial station. The transmitting range will be about two hundred miles, and the repeating range about three thousand miles.

Already, with the few instruments at hand, time signals and weather reports have been received from Arlington.

In the near future it is intended to place some sort of a signal in the main corridor and give the twelve o'clock signal every day. This is the signal sent out by the Government station at Arlington. It is standard time and is sent so that ships at sea may set their clocks. When this signal is installed, you will then be able to keep your watch set to the correct time.

The father had never realized the truth of the saying, "Son, this hurts me more than it does you," until his hand struck the board in son's trousers.



My, but it is tough not to have won the Flag; and worse yet, not to have won first or second honors.

Now, although our companies lost, we have nothing but congratulations for the Cadets of the School, for until the last company had been selected as a winner, we felt confident that Tech was going to win everything.

But we can't win always, and defeat is bound to come. The banner cannot always be in our possession, it must visit the other High Schools, for its presence with us all the time would soon cheapen it. Another reason why we should not feel as though we must win every year, the flag should go around and get some other colors on it or it would

soon become monotonous all covered with maroon and gray. Therefore we need not feel so badly about the loss. In the disappointment, however, let us not overlook the fact that the best company won, and the HAND AND MIND takes this opportunity to publicly congratulate Business on the possession of Company E, with its officers, its men, and its prize.

In winning this Drill, Business deserves a great deal of credit because it is, in the history of the school, only the second time they have been victorious, the previous victory being in 1909, when Company E, commanded by Captain Dulin, carried off the honors.

To come back to our own affairs, however,—

That night, after the supper, Mr. Daniel made a few remarks, consoling the companies for their loss and telling of the prospects for more and larger companies at Tech next year. After he had spoken, Mr. Chamberlain, our friend on all occasions, made a short speech in which he gave some very good advice to the cadets on how to act at the present time, and next year, how to win the Drill. After the members of the Military Committee had made some short remarks, and after the Major had addressed the cadets, all were ready to hear from the captains, themselves.

The first of the captains to take the stage was Wasserman, of Company C. Before presenting the medal to the best drilled corporal in Central, he wanted all to know it was a good one and mentioned, "It's solid gold." The man who had the honor of receiving this medal was Corporal Cooper. Honorable mention was given to Corporals Arner and Fink, whom he picked to be future Tech Captains. After Wasserman, Lieutenant Reis was the next to appear, and in behalf of Company C, presented the captain with a gold watch. The medal for the best drilled experience man in this company was awarded to little Stewart Corning, honorable mention being given to Privates Whitney and Erbach. Robertson won the medal given to the best inexperienced private, while Ahearn and De Shields obtained first and second honorable mention respectively.

The next company to come into prominence was D, and Captain Haines was given a great ovation when he arose to speak.

After telling of the disappointment of losing and congratulating his men, he proceeded to give the prize medal to the best Corporal in Company D. Corporal G. E. Barnes was pronounced the best and was given the medal. Corporals Fellows and Rudolph were given first and second honors and incidentally blue and white ribbons, respectively. Lieutenant Fiedler, the next officer on the platform, speaking for the men of Company D, presented Haines with a gold watch, "solid and 14-carat." He also had the pleasure to award Private Terry the medal for being the best drilled experienced man and announced Privates Hunter and Brooks as deserving of first and second honorable mention, presenting them with a blue and white ribbon respectively. The man to win the medal for being the best drilled inexperienced private, was Sachs, who was followed by West, receiving a blue ribbon, and Johnson, a white one. An innovation introduced by Company D was the presenting of the best drilled February man with a bronze medal. This honor was won by Private Anderson.

The last of the captains, Hugh J. Phillips, of Company K, now came up and delivered a little speech, in which he commended his officers and thanked all of his men for their loyal support. He awarded Corporal C. G. Miller the Corporal's medal and mentioned Corporals Strang and Taylor as deserving first and second hon-

(Continued on Page 31).

Prize Debate

The memorable event is now history and our noble Editor-in-Chief himself, B. Y. Kinzey is sporting the 14-karat cartwheel on his expanded chest.

To some who are not members of the Agora the above statement will need some explanations.

After the Christmas holidays the Society decided to give a gold medal to the person who, at the end of the season, would be declared the best debater. So during the last Semester, all toiled diligently to be able to get in on the final debate.

As each debate was decided one more name was added to the list of those to participate in the great event. Those to qualify in these preliminaries were Cleveland Kinzey, Tomlinson, Ramm-ling, West, and Connors. The sides for this last contest were decided by lot, as also was the order of the speakers.

Wednesday, June 3, the day set for the contest came, and at the appointed time, all of the contestants put in their appearance with huge volumes under their arms and their heads crammed full of facts (?).

The contest itself was too exciting to even attempt to describe, so the decision of the judges, Miss Christiansen, Miss Marsh and Miss Stauffer will be repeated. Kinzey received first honors, and the medal with a percentage of 93.6, and Cleveland was given second honors with a percentage of 93.3.

At a recent meeting officers for the coming year were elected as follows: President, W. I. Cleveland; vice president, Margaret Hamilton; secretary, W. F. Connors; treasurer, C. E. Krey; and sergeant-at-Arms, H. A. Hammill.

M. F. C.



"That Feeling"

Some time during the early part of the year, when the days become soft and the youth becomes mushy, every young man (with the possible exception of the editorial staff of this magazine, which is at all times the personification of industry), is more or less afflicted with a disease which is not listed among the almanac ailments, but which has a very noticeable effect on all those who are so unfortunate as to become infected. This disease, although commonly known as spring fever, is sometimes called laziness. This is a mistaken idea, however. The lazy fellow bears about the same relation to the guy suffering from spring fever that the owl bears to the butterfly. The owl has always been an owl, but the moth was once an industrious worm. (Don't ask us to carry this metaphor any further. We don't know how the butterfly changes back into the industrious worm.) The symptoms of the two afflictions will bear out their difference. Laziness very rarely has any symptoms. It just is. But in spring fever the symptoms are pronounced. The patient first has a tendency towards baseball and a declining desire for work. The tendency gradually grows stronger and the declining desire continues to decline. When a more advanced stage is reached, the sufferer has a distinct aversion to work of any sort, but the tendency toward baseball has shifted a point or two, and the afflicted one is more favorable to fishing, which, once one is comfortably situated, requires less effort than any other form of amusement known to the human race. Furthermore, one may imbue it with an appearance of diligence by paying a visit to the fish market on the return trip. Sad to say, there is no known antidote which will insure absolute immunity from this spring complaint, to those whom it usually affects. Did we say no antidote? Wait! We have just thought of a very promising one. If, at the time when the disease is prevalent, the person wishing to avoid it will completely abstain from ice cream, candy, and all the other sordid pleasures of this world, and subsist for one long week on the smallest number of prunes that will sustain human life, we guarantee immunity. We don't know that anyone has ever tried this, but should some brave guy do it and come through

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The Tech Lunch

CHARLES E. KREY, '15.

On Thursday, May 21, Tech held the largest and most successful Lunch in her career. There had been preparations going on for about two months before the affair; posters had been made and put up, not only in Tech, but in the other high school; donations were solicited, and souvenirs were planned and completed, so that, by the date of the Lunch everything in the way of imperishable articles were ready to go on sale.

But notwithstanding all this preparation probably the hardest work was done during the week of the Lunch. Wednesday, the day before, was probably the busiest day of that week, and one of the busiest that Tech ever saw, for on that day Tech defeated Central by a score of 9 to 5; the cadets drilled, and the girls, who did not have pennants to use at the game, stayed until about six that evening to cut sandwiches and prepare in various other ways for the Lunch next day.

Thursday came at last and with it four long hours in our classrooms waiting for the signal when all could rush and get their fill. A few favored ones managed to get excuses, which they pinned on their coat, and in that way escaped from Mr. Rippey, who was official policeman of the day. At about twelve o'clock everything was in readiness for the great rush. Tables were set in the lunch room for those wishing 25c and 50c lunches. In the parking on Rhode Island avenue booths were erected, each having a large poster which announced the articles for sale. The colored caps which were worn by the different classes were exceedingly striking and varied, ranging from the green, worn by the freshman, to the graduation mortar boards of Maroon and Gray, worn by the stern and sedate Seniors. Each class sold some special article or did something different than the others. The making of money was not confined simply to selling of good things to eat, for we had several side shows in which were shown relics and barbarous monsters of the prehistoric ages, which were particularly interesting to ancient history students. There was a pennant stand, a stationery stand from which one could purchase a year's supply of writing material for a mere trifle, and the press table, which was

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Think About It!

NORMAN H. BARNES, F4.

There is no one who has no ambitions for next year. There is no one who is not heaped with opportunities for next year, and now is the time to think of what's coming.

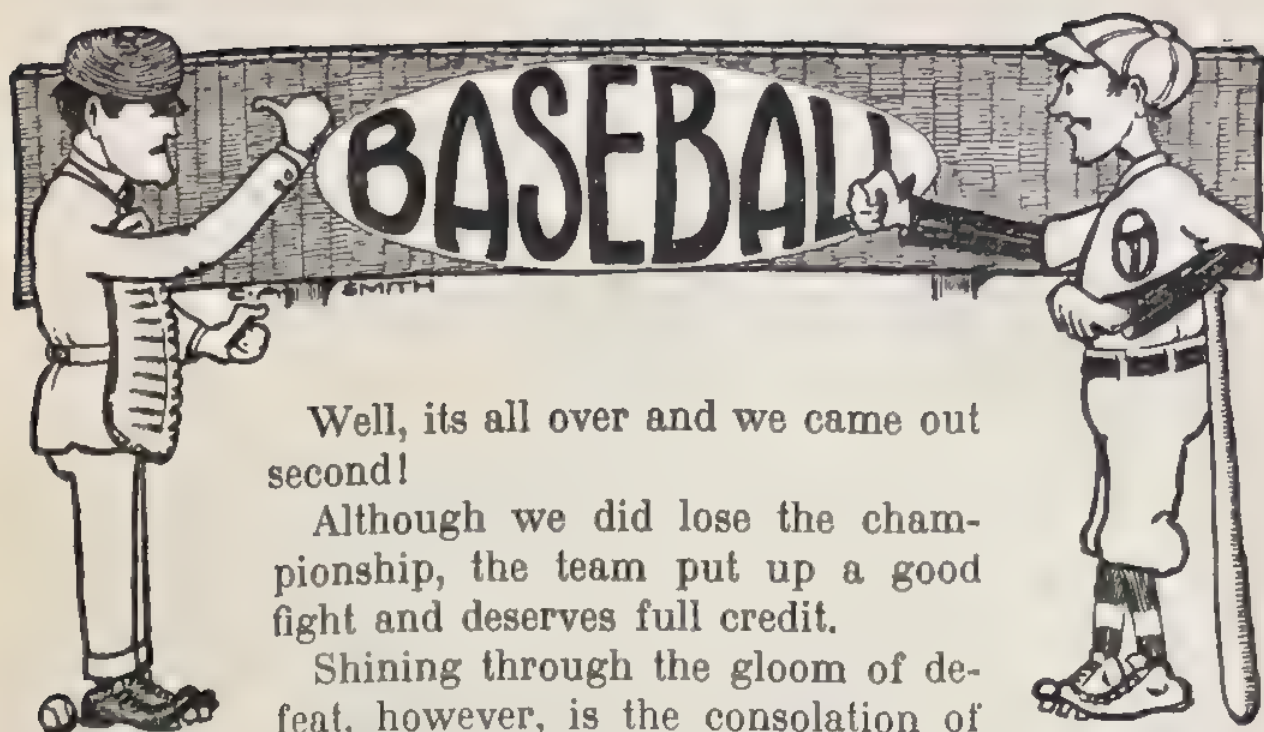
Think of what team you want to make and endeavor to strengthen yourself in that line during the Summer. Think of what you need most in your studies and in spare moments try to learn just a little more. Think of plans to improve anything in Tech and make your plans known. If they are worthy they will be gratefully received. Think of what Tech needs in order to make things run, and you won't kick anymore when you are asked to help a little. Think of what Tech's doing for you and you'll be glad to do your best for Tech.

Think what thought has done. It's done everything that's good and right and very few things that are wrong; but the only way to do the best is to *think* to the tune of a song. The song cannot be draggy and slow; it must be full of pep. It's gotta enliven your mental power, and remind of the good of Tech. Remember what you're working for; remember the "reason why"—that if all the world should cease to spin, our school could never die. Work in a bunch, all hand in hand; all for the good of our own scholastic land. "Cheer for old Tech, boys, McKinley must win; fight to the finish, never give in," but remember at all times, boys, that we will win fair; nothing can keep us from being on the square. Let *think* be our motto, urged on with anti-fear; and at the right time, boys, remember the cheer. Three Razoos now, boys, and let them ring out long; follow them closely with a "Think of Next Year" song.

A LEADING QUESTION.

D. A. R.—I have the drum that my great-great-grandfather carried all through the Revolution.

The Flippant One—And when he saw the enemy, did he beat it.—*Puck*.



Well, its all over and we came out second!

Although we did lose the championship, the team put up a good fight and deserves full credit.

Shining through the gloom of defeat, however, is the consolation of trailing in the dust, the colors of our old rival, Central, to the tune of 9 to 5. This victory made us forget the other defeats and put new life into the men so that next year, full of confidence, they will go in and carry off the first honors.

The final chapter in the 1914 season was closed when, at the beginning of the week, our heroes were awarded their long coveted and hard worked-for letters. Those who received "Ts" were:

Ochsenreiter, Jakie Roberts, Simpson, Rooney, Flood, Druckenmiller, Steed, Hanlein, McCarthy, Stowers, "Les" Myers and Andy Smith, Manager.

Numerals were given to Sam Miller, Linder, Hird, Davidson and Daly.

READY FOR HOUSE WARMING.

"Do not marry a widower with children," said the old lady. "A ready-made family is like a plate of cold potatoes."

"Oh!" replied the damsel, "I'll soon warm them over."

Herbert (with his history book)—"Papa, what is the Appian Way?"

Papa—"I suppose it was a way Appian had, though I don't know much about him personally."

With the Crack Shots

A. O. RIDGELY, '15.

At the Annual Outdoor Rifle Tournament of the Washington High Schools, which was held Saturday, May 16, at the Marine Corps Rifle Range, Winthrop, Md., Tech won the majority of the prizes, but lost the Inter-School match, which is considered to be the most important.

In the Inter-Club match, Tech was victorious with a score of 400 out of a possible 500 points. The members who competed in this event and their scores, were:

Captain P. D. Gibson.....	92
A. E. Sutfin.....	84
J. G. Byler.....	78
J. W. Stockett.....	75
J. R. Boyd.....	71

Total400

In this, Central's score was 391; Western's, 386; Eastern's 347, and Business, 315. The prize in this event was the National Rifle Association Cup.

The Inter-School match was lost by 16 points and Tech obtained only third place. The scores stood: Central, 489; Western, 475; Teck, 473; Eastern, 452, and Business, 389. The scores of those who shot in this match were:

J. W. Stockett.....	89
J. W. Windle.....	88
P. D. Gibson.....	87
A. E. Sutfin.....	78
Capt. Philips	72
J. R. Boyd.....	59

Total473

Company K, the only company from Tech to send a team, finished third in its match. Company F, of Eastern, was first, with a score of 305; Company I, of Central, second, with 285; Com-

pany K, third, with 273; Company L, of Western, fourth, with 269, and Company G, of Business, fifth, with 225.

The highest aggregate score in the Inter-School and Inter-Club matches was made by Gibson, with 179. The victory entitles him to the cup offered by former Secretary of War Dickinson, and now becomes his personal property, as this is the second time he has won it. The contest for this prize was a hot one. Gibson was given a rifle which was not sighted accurately. His two sighting shots were used in correcting the windage and it took the first five shots, which counted for record, to correct the elevation. This accounts for his bad score of 87. In the second match, in which Gibson shot 92, he started with a good gun, but remembering how poor his first score was, and being excited over the closeness of the contest, his first two prone shots were only good for four points each. This start aroused his anger to such an extent that the officer marking his target said he feared Gibson would bite the bolt off his gun. His fears were soon allayed, however, as the next eight shots struck the bull's eye, putting him in a better humor.

John W. Stockett won the gold Chamber of Commerce Medal and, incidentally, the title, "Champion Schoolboy Outdoor Rifle Shot of the District of Columbia." This went to Stockett, as Gibson preferred the Cup to the Medal and Title. Stockett's score was 89 and as a result of his shooting the cup donated by the Washington *Times* comes to the School.

At the tournament, Tech also had the greatest number of men to qualify as junior marksmen. The Tech men qualifying, with their scores, are:

P. D. Gibson.....	92
J. W. Stockett.....	89
E. H. Windle.....	88
A. E. Sutfin.....	8½
A. O. Ridgely.....	83
J. G. Byler.....	78
H. J. Philips.....	78
B. Y. Kinzey.....	80
D. J. Eggleston.....	81
Johnston	81

Engineering

Since so many people in high school do not know what they intend to make of themselves until they are in their third or fourth year, we deem it necessary to give you a slight insight into the different trades and professions that might be reached, and the colleges which would best prepare you for such work. This article is the second of the series on college entrance, and will touch the surface of engineering.

We are all ambitious to reach the top, but, as Josh Billings says, the only way to reach the top of the ladder is to begin at the bottom. Just at present the country is at a standstill and the bottom is knocked out of everything, but we do not expect this period to last very long. Things will begin to pick up in the near future and the country will regain its prosperity. This article is on engineering, however, and not politics.

Right here it would probably be best to divide the main topic into its different branches, which are as follows:

- Agricultural engineering,
- Chemical engineering,
- Civil engineering,
- Electrical engineering,
- Hydraulic engineering,
- Marine engineering,
- Mechanical engineering,
- Mining engineering,
- Municipal engineering, and
- Sanitary engineering.

Of these branches, the ones that offer the best opportunities to-day are as follows:

- Electrical engineering, and
- Mechanical engineering.

These professions, being technical, require manual labor. If you do not want to soil your hands or scar them, or are not strong or physically able, you had better think of something other than engineering to earn your daily bread. Engineering requires both manual skill and mental skill. In other words, practical experience and training go hand in hand. To neglect one would be like clipping one wing of a chicken to prevent it from flying. So, to reach

HAND AND MIND

the top, you must first obtain an adequate education, and then you will be prepared to get the experience.

Most of the work of mechanical and electrical engineering is done in the large cities. They hang closely together, both dealing somewhat with machinery. Mechanical engineering requires that you learn the construction and running of machinery, while electrical engineering deals with the application of electricity. The course in the first two years of college is practically the same for the two, the variation being in the third and fourth years.

The colleges in the East which are strongest in these branches are given below, with their tuition and entrance requirements:

For Electrical Engineering—

Columbia University \$150

For entrance to the school of engineering, the applicant must be at least eighteen years of age. The University recognizes the following examination subjects. One unit represents one year at the rate of five periods a week. The number of units shows the number of years which will normally be required in the secondary school to prepare adequately for the college examination.

Prescribed, 11½ units—Chemistry (1), drawing (1), elementary French or German (2), English (3), mathematics (3½), physics (1).

Elective, 3 units—Elementary German or French (2), American history (1), ancient history (1), shopwork (1).

Cornell University \$100

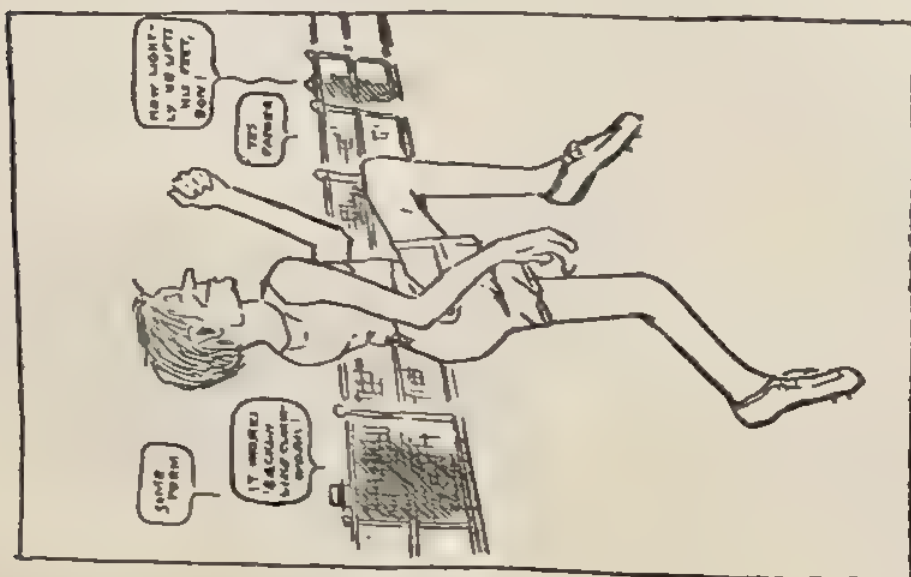
For entrance to the school of engineering, the applicant must have attained the age of sixteen. Entrance is made either by examination or by a certificate from the principal of his school. The applicant is required to have fifteen credits, four being elective and eleven being prescribed as follows:

The unit represents one year of work at five hours a week.

Prescribed, 11 units—English (3), French or German (3), history (1), plane geometry (1), elementary algebra (1), intermediate algebra (½), solid geometry (½), advanced algebra (½), plane trigonometry (½).

Elective, 4 units—French or German (2), ancient history (½) or (1), American history (½) or (1), English history (½) or (1), physics (1), chemistry (1), biology (1), drawing (½) or (1), manual training (1).

(Continued on Page 32).



Track

H. A. HAMMILL.

On Saturday, May 23, the track team, after a hard fight, lost the High School Track Meet to our old rival, Central, 49 to 28. Though losing, we beat out Western and Business, who scored 17 and 11 points respectively. Our loss was due to the team not being evenly balanced. In the sprints and hurdles, we placed but did not score, but in the 880 and 440 we scored heavily, getting first and third in each. In the 880 Happy Hardell, our reliable captain, won by 8 yards with Bobby Hardell third. In the 440, Sheehan broke the High School record, but this will probably not be allowed as the track was nine yards short. His time was 2 minutes 14 seconds. Northrup finished third. Tech also showed up well in the field events, cleaning up in the shot put, getting second in the high jump, and second and third in the broad jump.

Though it seems we were pretty badly beaten it was only as I said before, on account of our weakness in the dashes and hurdles. So it's up to you in the school who can run at all, to come out next year and help put it on Central.

THE TECH LUNCH

(Continued from Page 19).

decorated very attractively, and from which were sold a great many HAND AND MINDS, *Tech News*, *Company Posters*, and large pictures of the school. These few booths mentioned were not all that were there, but each class had an individual stand.

Our Lunch was patronized very freely by our sisters, the Centralites, and our brothers, the Businessites, who were delighted with the watch fobs made by the art metal pupils.

The Lunch lasted about two hours, and at the ringing of the bell all passed sadly into the classrooms with a heavy stomach, but a light pocketbook. Mr. Jones and his assistants discovered after raking up the refuse of the affair that so many people had passed over the grass in the yard that there can probably never be any more grass grown in the plot.



ALUMNI

These days, when postage is so cheap and transportation has been made so easy, 'tis a shame and a wonder that all of the old Grads don't make it a point to either write or visit us at least once a year. Many of the teachers, and surely old companions, would be only too glad to welcome you on a visit to us.

Many of the "old boys and girls" were in evidence on the day of the Luncheon and the HAND AND MIND obtained the names of the following:

- Rats Offutt, June, '13.
- Miss Emily Umhau, February, '12.
- Miss Pearl Pierce, February, '12.
- Miss Eleanor Ashford.
- Miss Della Clark, '11.
- "Ducky" Holmes, '13.
- Miss Ethel Clark, '08.
- Walker Nettleton, '13.
- Miss Louise Cramer, '13.
- T. R. Edwards, '13.
- Mrs. Merrill Avery, formerly Miss Merrill Walker.
- Miss Hesther Munger, '13.
- Alfred Seiler, '11.
- Philip Wrightsman, '13.
- Miss Mary Bell, '12.
- Miss Hazel Chisolm, '13.
- Miss Jessie Weyrich, '11.
- Ernie Galleher, '13.
- L. Hoar, February, '11.
- G. Hauke, '13.
- Leonard Sargeant, February, '14.
- Miss Louise Jacobs, '13.

Miss Margaret Sullivan, '13.

Miss Elizabeth Lewis.

John Saunders, '09.

J. J. O'Connell, '12, who so liberally supplied his auto for the use of those in charge of the Luncheon.

Hope Falconer, February, '11, working for the City Government of Jacksonville, Fla., writes that he has had the misfortune to lose his appendix this spring. In company with several other Techites, he has joined the Militia and is rather excited over the present war talk.

Eckendorf, '13, our former star athlete, is now holding down a job in the District Building.

Fowle, '11, is also working in the District Building with Eckie.

A clipping from the *News-Letter*, of Johns Hopkins, shows us how a Tech boy of June, '13, is making good.

"To Defendorf, the freshman twirler who was called upon at the eleventh hour after Pieper and Sylvester were laid up by operations for appendicitis, belongs the credit for the victory. He was complete master of the situation at all times and worked like a veteran of many seasons. His control was almost perfect, and while seven hits were registered by St. John's none of them came when they meant runs." This was the Annual Varsity game between Johns Hopkins and their old rivals, St. John's.

W. L. Saunders, Captain, Company D, 1912, has been awarded an honor medal for being the best drilled cadet at Cornell University. The competition was held during regimental parade on the campus, and the President Schurman medal was pinned on Saunders' coat by President Schurman himself.

Since the last issue went to press we have received a very long and interesting letter from Karl Schwegler, '11, who is at present a mininm engineer in the Butter's Salvador mines at Mineral San Sebastian, Salvador, Central America. We would like to publish his letter but space will not permit. However, we think it will be of interest to the school to mention some of his adventures of a few

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Ticklers

Mr. Marsh (to Brooks, who is giving an imitation of a mocking bird in the lab)—“Brooks, I’ve many times heard of a mocking brooks, but this is the first time I’ve ever heard of rippling Did you ever know that a bald gent is like a bloodhound? Well, he is, because he makes a little hair (hare) go a long way.”

HE HAD NOT.

Prof.—Have you read Lamb’s Tales?

Short Ag.—Nope. We have a few black sheep, but I dunno as I ever seen a red un.—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

IN F4 CHEMISTRY.

Mr. Marsh—“What would you naturally expect to find in salt water?” expecting the answer, sodium.

Mr. C.—“Fish!”

Burnside (before the Lunch)—“Miss White, have you an electrical cook book?”

“An electrical cook book?”

“Yes; I want to know how many volts to give a waffle.”

THE GREAT DIFFERENCE.

Mr. Adams (to his class)—What is the difference between lightning and electricity?

Student—Well, you don’t have to pay for lightning.

Greenwood—“Punctured a tire by running over a milk bottle yesterday.”

Booth—“Hard luck! Didn’t you see it?”

Greenwood—“Nope; the kid had it under his coat.”

NATURALLY.

Judge—"You said the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?"
 Witness—"The dog."—*Illinois Siren.*

Heard in a certain class-room once in a while(?): "We were discussing at our last recitation."
 I wonder what class it can be?

UNCONQUERED.

Youngeigh (in art museum)—I wonder why Victory is represented as a female?
 Wedmore—It's plain to be seen you're not married.—*Boston Transcript.*

COMPETITIVE DRILL

(Continued from Page 16).

orable mention. After this "Bits" Herbert, the First Lieutenant, form of a beautiful gold watch. He then gave a medal to Private McGregor for being the best experienced man in Company K. Those receiving honorable mention were Chamberlain and Pettit. The inexperienced private's medal in this company was given to Private Chereilson; Dodge and Bartle receiving honorable mention. Then Sergeant Seaton presented Zirkin with a bronze medal for being the best man of those that entered K in February, and mentioned Powell and Ryan as the two deserving of honorable mention. At this stage of the proceedings something entirely new was done by the men of this Company, the giving of a token to the Lieutenants—"Bits" Herbert and Krehbiel, each getting a pair of gold cuff buttons engraved "H. S. C., Company K, 1914."

The exercises of the evening were then closed by Mr. Daniel, who again pleaded for more cadets next year and led the yell "Three Razoos, with four eight-squad companies' on the end."
 M. F. C.

ENGINEERING

(Continued from Page 25).

For Mechanical Engineering—

Stevens Institute of Technology..... \$225

Entrance to the school of engineering is obtainable by examination only. The requirements are given below, and are indicated in points to show the amount of preparatory school study considered necessary for adequate preparation in the subjects required for entrance. A point represents a year's study in the preparatory school.

Prescribed, 10½ points—Algebra (1½, geometry (1½), arithmetic (1), trigonometry (½), physics (1), chemistry (1), English (3), United States history (1).

Elective, 4 points, two of which must be in language—Elementary German (2), intermediate German (3), elementary French (2), intermediate French (3), ancient history (1), English history (1), shop practice (1), drawing (1).

Cornell University—same as for electrical.

Worcester Polytechnic Institute..... \$100

Tech is one of the accredited schools. The candidate must, however, establish credits in the following subjects:

Prescribed, Elementary algebra, plane geometry, solid geometry, English, history, French, German, and chemistry or physics.

Elective—one or more of the following subjects aggregating two years' work in the preparatory school:

French, German, physics, chemistry, mechanical drawing and biology.

The college education, however, is only the training part. After graduating from college it is sometimes necessary to serve as an apprentice to get the practical experience, and to reach the top it is necessary to spend several years of persistent practice, but, if you persevere, you are bound to get there some day, so here's luck and good fortune to you all.

R. E. PIDGEON, '15.

Waiter—"How will you have your steak, sir?"

Minister (absent-mindedly)—"Well done, good and faithful servant."—*Exchange.*



The Editor of this Department, during the closing year has enjoyed many pleasant hours in the perusal of the numerous Exchanges, and now when comes the time for the last issue, there comes also a feeling of vast regret because of the seemingly long lapse of time before we will meet each other again through these columns. Therefore, to all the Exchanges we bid a fond good-bye and hope you will all return next year.

Since the last issue of the HAND AND MIND the following exchanges have been gratefully received by the Exchange Editor:

The Acropolis—Barringer H. S., Newark, N. J.

The Argus—Gardner H. S., Gardner, Mass.

The Balance Sheet—Business H. S., Washington, D. C.

The Brown Daily Herald—Brown University.

The Carteret—Carteret Academy, Orange, N. J.

The Columbia Alumni News—Columbia University.

The Commercial Record—Ralston H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Cornell Daily Sun—Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

The Crimson—Goshen H. S., Goshen, Ind.

The Easterner—Eastern H. S., Washington, D. C.

The Elgin H. S. Mirror—Elgin H. S., Elgin, Ill.

The High School Register—Omaha H. S., Omaha, Nebr.

The Magpie—De Witt Clinton H. S., New York, N. Y.

The Medillite—Joseph Medill H. S., Chicago, Ill.

The Old Hughes—Hughes H. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Review—Central H. S., Washington, D. C.

The Seminarian—Stephenson Seminary, Charles Town, W. Va.
The Spokesman—Erie H. S., Erie, Pa.
The S. R. H. S. Weekly—Santa Rosa H. S., Santa Rosa, Cal.
The Tripod—Roxbury Latin School, Boston, Mass.
The World—Central H. S., Saint Paul, Minn.

We would suggest to the *Acropolis* that they increase the number of criticisms in their Exchange Column. Why not let more of us profit by the judgment of your exceptional Exchange Editors?

The first impression we receive of the *Argus*, from its attractive cover, is a true one. The whole magazine is well arranged. Your "Kewpie" cuts add life to the issue.

In the editorial of the *Balance Sheet* we find a different view taken of one of the editorials which lately appeared in the HAND AND MIND. The *Balance Sheet* Editor takes the subject of the "Centralization of Honors" from the standpoint of the active participants and of the unfairness to them. She also brings out the point that those who kick because they are not prominent, will not accept positions because it is too much work!

The *Carteret* would be made more attractive if a few cuts and cartoons were added. Do not place the Baseball Schedule, Alumni Notes, etc., before your Literary Department. Your cover is good.

A new cover would greatly add to the appearance of the *Commercial Record*. The material would appear to better advantage if everything were placed under some definite heading. Your Exchange Department is fine.

This issue of the *Crimson* is gotten out by the Juniors. It has proven a success and gives the Juniors a chance to show some real "spizzerinktum." Isn't this an idea worth trying in other schools?

The stories in the *Easterner* are unusually clever, but why place them at the back of the magazine?

The arrangement of the material in the *High School Register* is one of its best points. The editorial on "Smoking" is one worth reading. Such editorials help the tone of the school.

Through one of our best exchanges, the *Magpie*, we learn of an Economic Club. This club discusses such subjects as Unemployment and Immigration. It is planning a "Complaint Bureau," through which, complaints made by the students about the con-

ditions of the city are sent to the proper authorities. Would not such a club at Tech help our city?

In the *Medillite* is a good article, illustrated with photographs, on the United States Naval Academy. This article is one of your best. "Snap Shots" is fine.

Old Hughes always is a good paper. "Supe" is particularly good. Keep your joke stuff going.

The *Review* is some skinny sheet. However, what it does contain is good. "An Almost Robbery" has some climax and is very clever.

An old question *Seminarian*, where is your table of contents? Try longer exchange criticisms. Your Literary and Joke Departments are O. K.

The *Spokesmen*—Your story, "Maw Perkins and Mary Ann's Ideas," is a clever one, bringing out the differences in the generations. Your cover is growing stale. Try a new one. "Romance" is *some* slush!

The *World Annual* is great! It is by far the most elaborate publication of its kind that we have seen. It is in the form of a year book, which will always be prized by the students.

As Others See Us

The HAND AND MIND has a good Literary Department and very appropriate cuts.—*Seminarian*.

Why have advertisements between the contents page and the main part of the paper? Otherwise your paper is very good.—*Old Hughes*.

O. H.—As this question has been asked by others beside yourself, we will state that the object of this seemingly jumbled arrangement is to bring the advertisements to the notice of the students when they look through the paper.

A MINORITY.

First Clerk—How many people work in your office?

Second Clerk—Oh, I should say roughly about a third of them.

—*London Sketch*.

Camera Club

We are now to hear from one of our active silent organizations. The Camera Club is for the good of the pupils who are interested, or who wish to be interested in photography. The members meet and exchange ideas and discuss picture making in general.

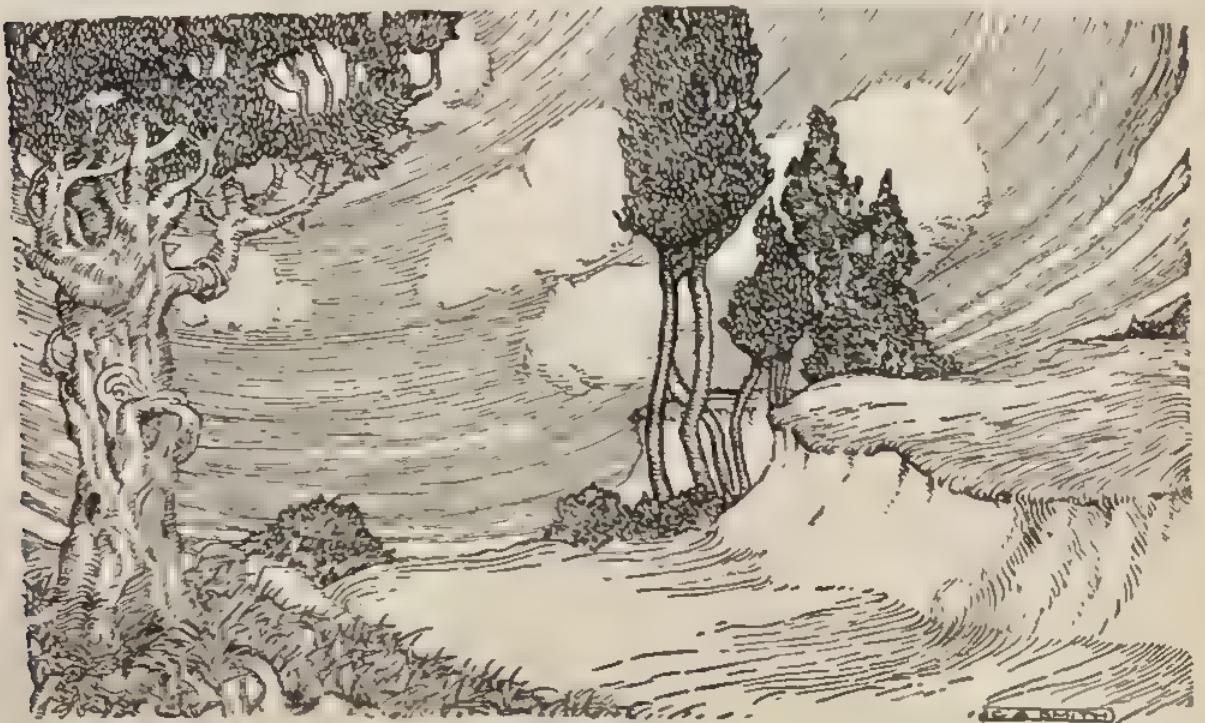
If one member learns something, he will explain it to the rest of the club. For instance, if one member learns to make a developer, he will show the others, and then they will know almost as much about it as he does. But take my advice and don't tell all you know, for you might get credit for knowing more.

Those belonging to the Camera Club get to hear some good lectures free, too, and they can buy their supplies cheap. Mr. Adams is sometimes given tickets to lectures on photography, and he gives them to the members interested in the branch to be lectured on. It is through him that they get their supplies cheap, as he has some influence with the dealers.

Just lately the Camera Club gave an exhibition in Miss DeLand's room. If you saw the exhibit, you know about what they are doing. The exhibit was instructive, as pictures from all over the country were shown.

The Camera Club is free to those who are interested in photography, and they have their meetings when it is deemed necessary.

R. E. PIDGEON, '15.



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ALUMNI

(Continued from Page 29.)

days. In this short space of time he was dumped overboard while landing, at night had a pitched battle with the bed creepers, and was on a train which broke down, while traveling inland. In the battle with the creepers he came out victorious, for by a great stroke of military stratagem he outwitted them. He went to sleep in a rope hammock and those brave enough to attempt to get at him, fell through the holes in the hammock and were killed. In speaking of the incident on the train he says: "Once the engine broke down, but luckily a woman had a hairpin—so we fixed it up and proceeded."

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THAT FEELING

(Continued from Page 18).

alive, it certainly shows that he either has too great a will power or is too clever in the manufacture of gentle fibs to become infected. But after all, why do penance to avoid something which is not at all disagreeable. The only sensible thing to do is to bow to the inevitable, hunt up the old fishing pole, dig a mouthful of worms and seek some quiet, shady nook where one can sleep it off as though it were the morning after.

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Lady of the House—Half the things you wash are torn to pieces.

Washerwoman—Yes, mum; but when a thing is torn in two or more pieces, mum, I only charge for them as one piece, mum.—*New York Mail.*

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“Aw, ’tis aisy. I stick me finger in Dinnis’ mouth, and if he bites, I know it is Mike.”—*Exchange.*

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Prof.—“When?”

Student—“Why, in dew time.”—*Exchange.*

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“What’s that?” asked his friend.

“You can hold up your socks with thumb tacks.”—*Exchange.*

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Professor (to classical student)—If Atlas supported the world, who supported Atlas?

Student—The question, sir, has often been asked, but never, so far as I am aware, satisfactorily answered. I have always been of the opinion that Atlas must have married a rich wife and got his support from her father.

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"Only fools laugh at their own jokes," said mother's own little boy—but then he went and laughed.

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Not many guesses came, for the majority of the guests were past riddles at that time of the evening.

"Wishbone," boisterously suggested one merry gent.

"Bonaparte—bone-apart! See?" corrected the Chairamn.

The merry gent in question was particularly tickled at the answer, and having reached his residence at 2 A. M., after various wanderings, woke his good lady to impart to her the excellence of his latest quip.

That dame, with indignation in every hair of her head, faced her recalcitrant spouse.

"If I had a bone, and broke it in half, whom would it represent?" he spluttered.

"Worm——" she gasped.

"No, Napoleon, my dear!" he said triumphantly.

Teacher—"Willie, what's your greatest ambition?"

Willie—"To wash mother's ears."—*Exchange.*

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